

SPACE ADVENTURES

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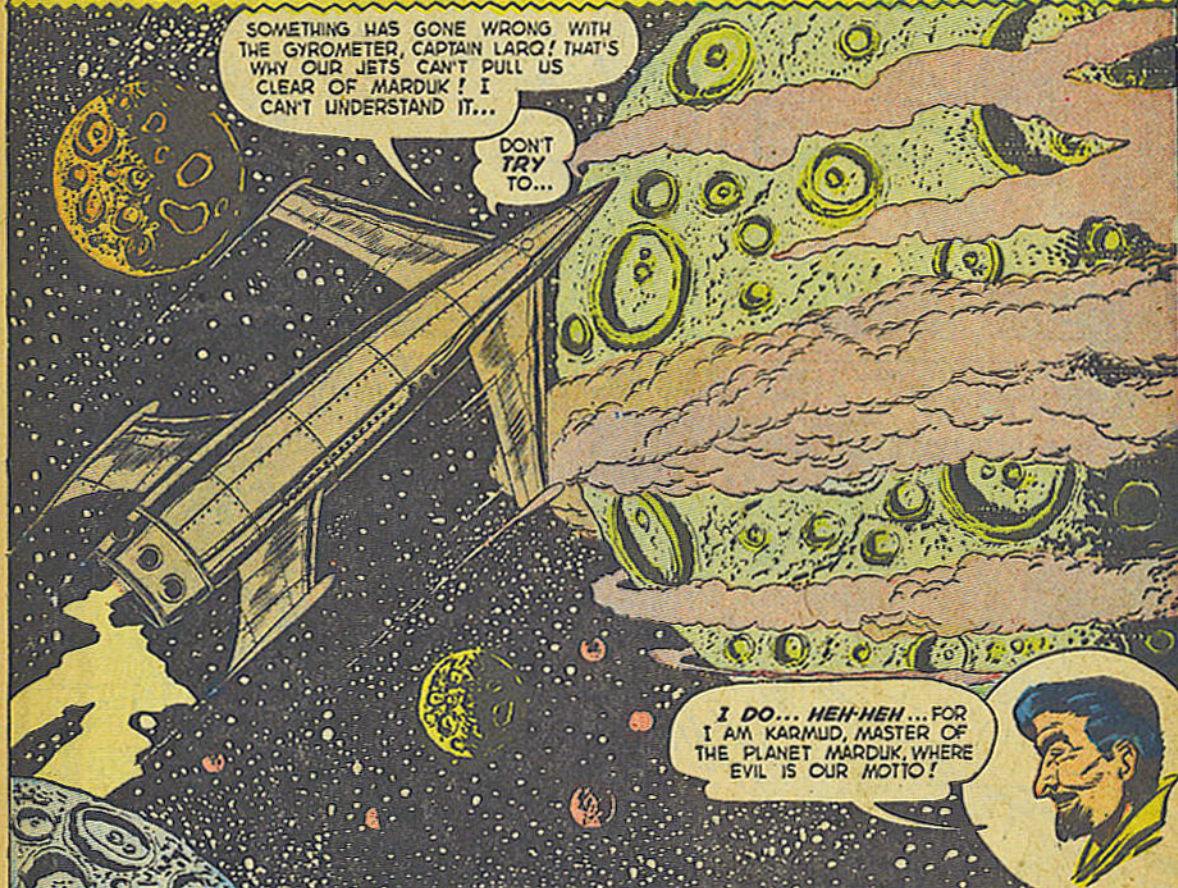
Dick
GIORDANO



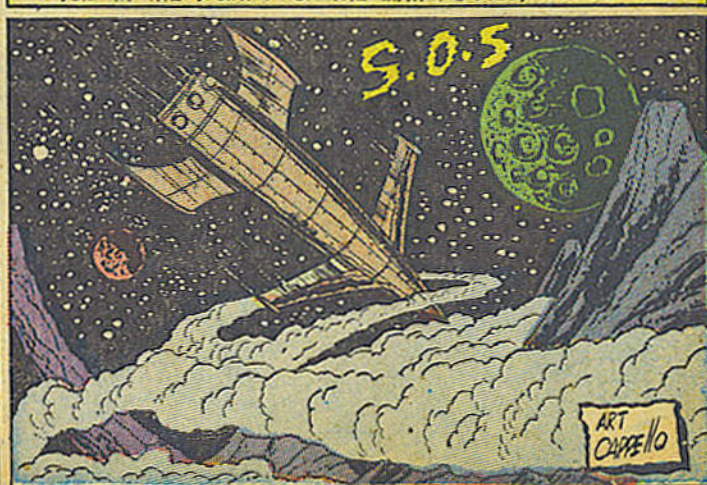
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REX CLIVE ^{IN} SPACE ADVENTURES The HOLLOW WORLD

IN THE YEAR 2552 ASTRONOMERS HAVE DISCOVERED MANY PLANETS BEYOND PLUTO, A WHOLE LINE OF THEM LIKE STEPPING STONES TO OUTER SPACE! THESE WORLDS, MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF MILES APART, ARE BEING USED AS BASES FOR TRAVEL TO OTHER STARS... WITH ONE EXCEPTION, THE WEIRD PLANET MARDUK WHERE DISASTER LURKS FOR SPACELINERS THAT COME TOO CLOSE.



AND SO ANOTHER SPACELINER VANISHES FROM THE VOID IN THE VICINITY OF THE JINX PLANET, MARDUK!



SPACE ADVENTURES

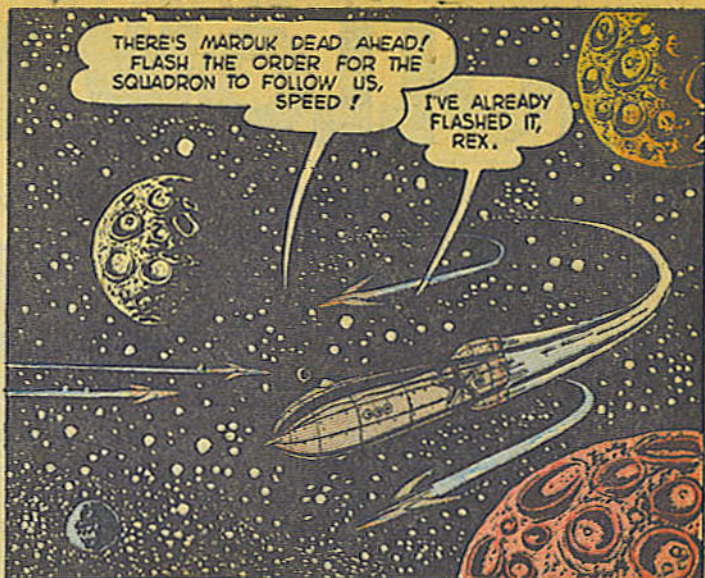
THE FLASH REACHES COMMODORE REX CLIVE AND HIS ADJUTANT, SPEED LANCING, IN THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SPACE OFFICERS' SQUADRON...

THEY'VE CUT OFF NOW, REX, BUT THEY MANAGED TO REPORT THAT THEY HAD GYROMETER TROUBLE NEAR THE PLANET MARDUK.

THAT'S THE FIRST REAL CLUE WE'VE HAD, REGARDING THOSE MISSING SPACE-LINERS, SPEED!

THERE'S MARDUK DEAD AHEAD! FLASH THE ORDER FOR THE SQUADRON TO FOLLOW US, SPEED!

I'VE ALREADY FLASHED IT, REX.



WHAT GETS ME, REX, IS **NOW** AND **WHY** THOSE LINERS CRASH ON MARDUK!

WE'LL FIND THAT OUT WHEN WE LAND THERE!



BUT YOU **CAN'T** LAND ON MARDUK! SCIENTISTS HAVE PROVEN THAT THE PLANETS TOTAL WEIGHT IS **LESS** THAN THAT OF WATER... SO IT MUST BE COMPOSED OF ICE AND THINLY PACKED SNOW. WE'LL **BURY** OURSELVES, REX...

WE'LL SEE, WHEN WE'RE REVERSE JETTED TO A LANDING. MEANWHILE, GET INTO YOUR SPACE SUIT, SPEED!



LOOK, REX! THAT'S SOLID ROCK AND IT LOOKS LIKE **IRON ORE**! THE SCIENTISTS MUST BE WRONG!

SOMETIMES THEY ARE... AND IN THIS CASE I'M GLAD OF IT!



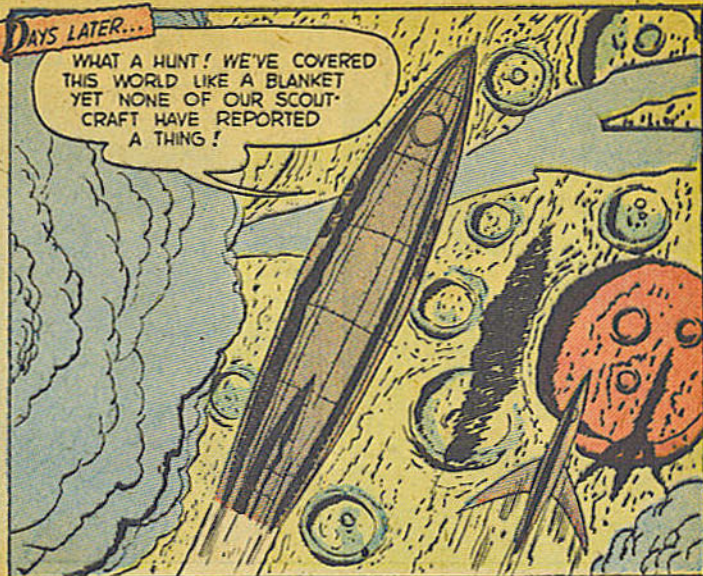
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IT MEANS THAT THE MISSING SPACELINERS AREN'T BURIED EITHER! IF WE SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH THE PLANET'S SURFACE, WE'RE SURE TO FIND THEM!

LET'S GO!

DAYS LATER...

WHAT A HUNT! WE'VE COVERED THIS WORLD LIKE A BLANKET YET NONE OF OUR SCOUT-CRAFT HAVE REPORTED A THING!



BUT WE'VE SEEN MORE AND MORE PROOF THAT MARDUK IS A ROCKY PLANET *DESPITE* WHAT SCIENTISTS SAY!

LOOK! THE GYROMETER! IT'S DROPPED TO ZERO!

THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO THAT LAST SPACELINER!

FORTUNATELY OUR JETS ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SPURT US CLEAR!

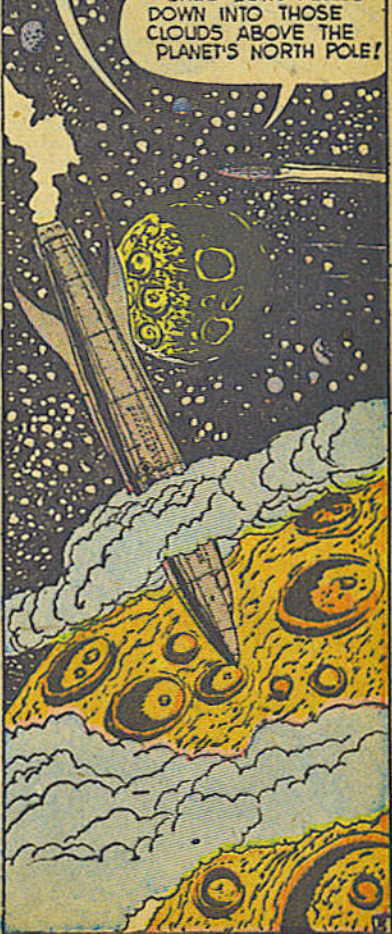
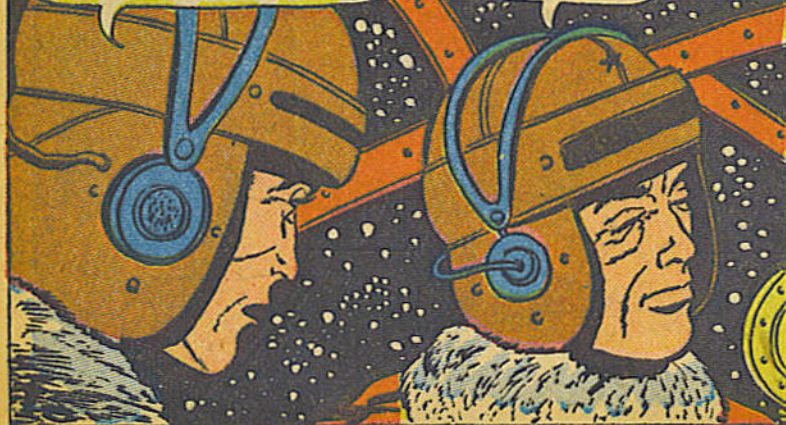


ALL THIS ADDS TO THE MYSTERY, REX!

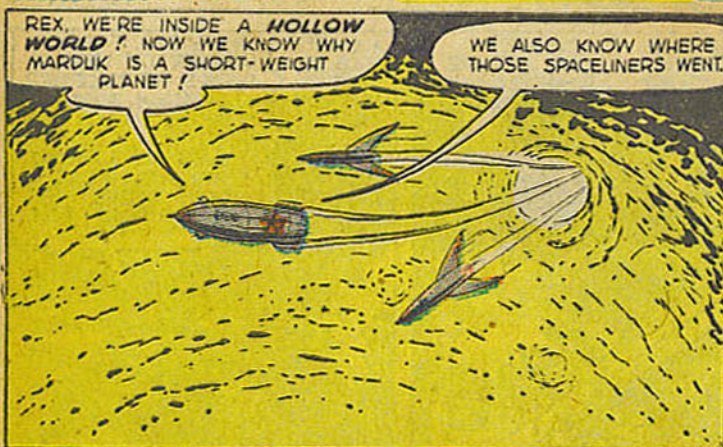
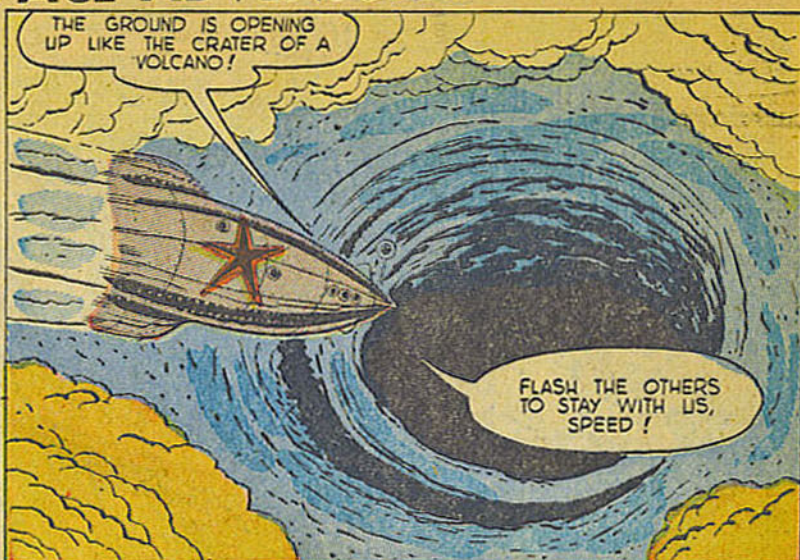
NO, SPEED, IT *EXPLAINS* IT! LOOK... THERE'S THE SPACELINER *STARITANIA* AHEAD OF SCHEDULE ON HER FIRST INTERSTELLAR TRIP! SHE'S BEING PULLED DOWN INTO THOSE CLOUDS ABOVE THE PLANET'S NORTH POLE!

THAT INDICATES HER GYROMETER IS OUT OF ORDER! WE'LL FOLLOW HER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

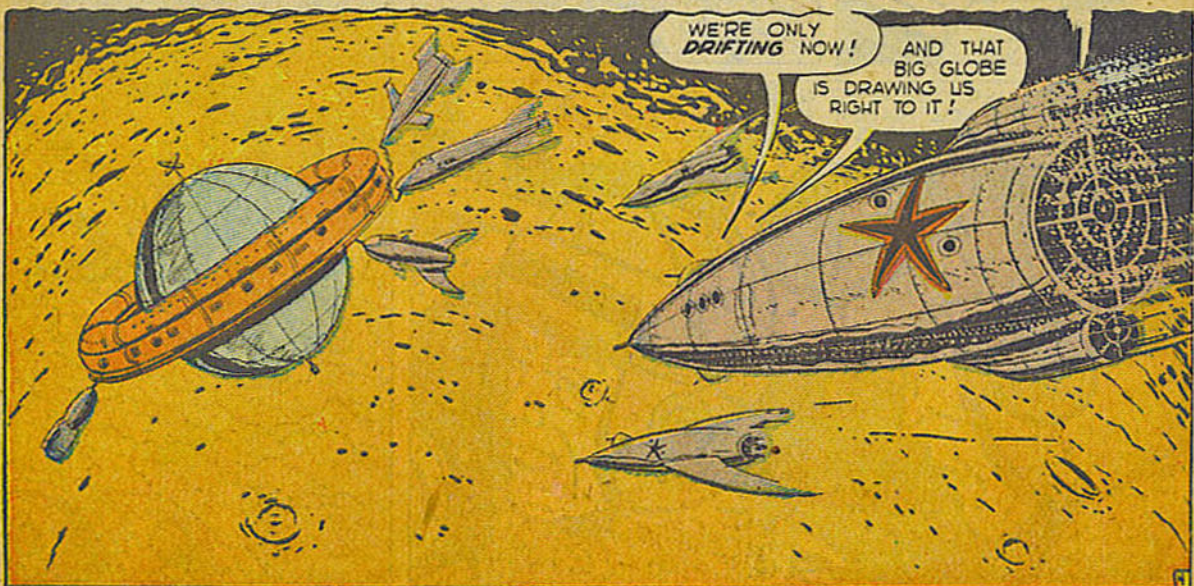
ADJUTANT LANCING... CALLING ALL SCOUT-CRAFT...



SPACE ADVENTURES



FINALLY, THE SCOUTCRAFT ARRIVE AT THE CORE OF THE PLANET **MARDUK** AND FIND A VAST GLOBE FLOATING THERE WITH CAPTIVE SPACELINERS MOORED TO ITS PLATEFORM!

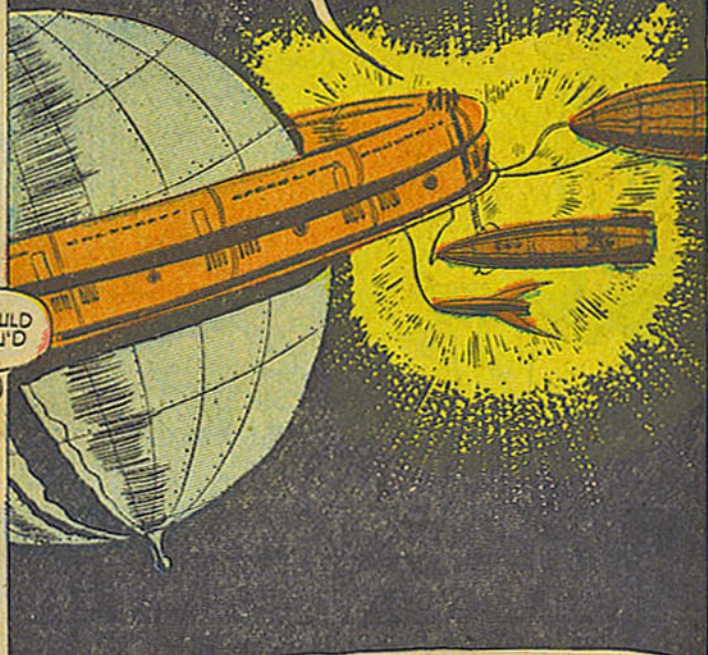


SPACE ADVENTURES

I AM KARMUD, MASTER OF THE PLANET MARDUK! NOW THAT YOU HAVE COME HERE, YOU WILL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF THE HEAVENS AGAIN!



THE GLOW THAT YOU SEE COMES FROM VOLCANIC POCKETS IN THE SHELL OF THIS HOLLOW WORLD. YOU WILL BE PUT TO WORK DIGGING METALS FROM WITHIN THAT CRUST.

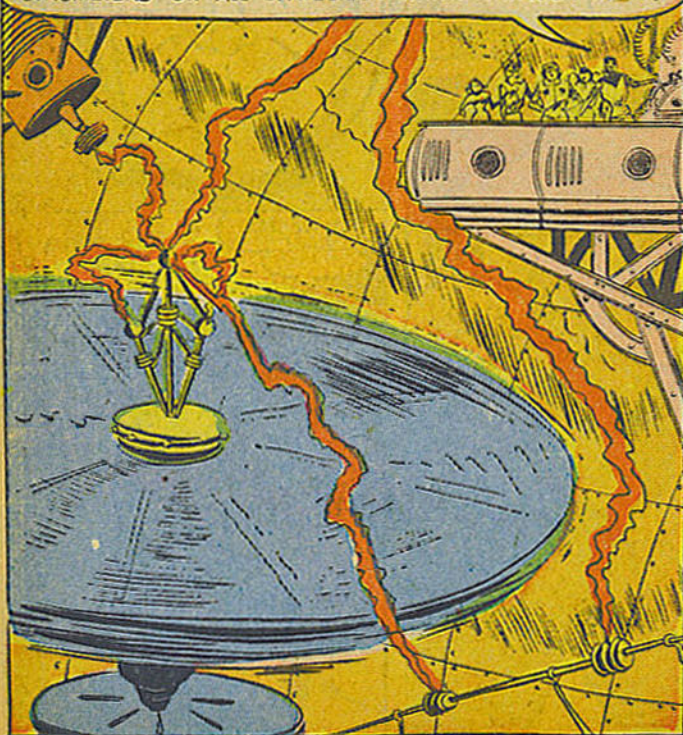


YOU WONDER HOW THIS GREAT GLOBE IS POISED IN THE EXACT CENTER OF THE WORLD! STEP INSIDE AND I SHALL SHOW YOU!

STELLA DAWN OF THE STARS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE ON THE STARITANIA!



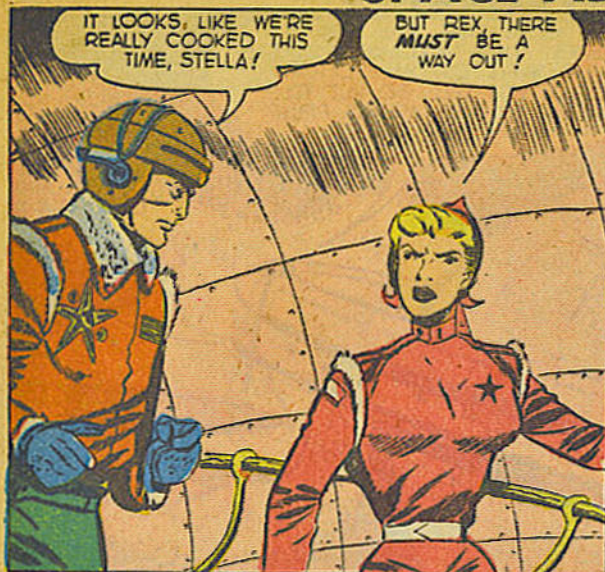
THIS TREMENDOUS GYROSCOPE PRESERVES OUR BALANCE. IT WOULD GO ON FOR A LIFETIME, EVEN IF SOMEONE SHOULD CUT OFF ITS POWER! WHEN I GIVE THE WHEEL FULL POWER, IT GENERATES WAVES THAT CAN STOP THE GYROMETERS ON ALL SPACECRAFT WITHIN A MILLION MILES!



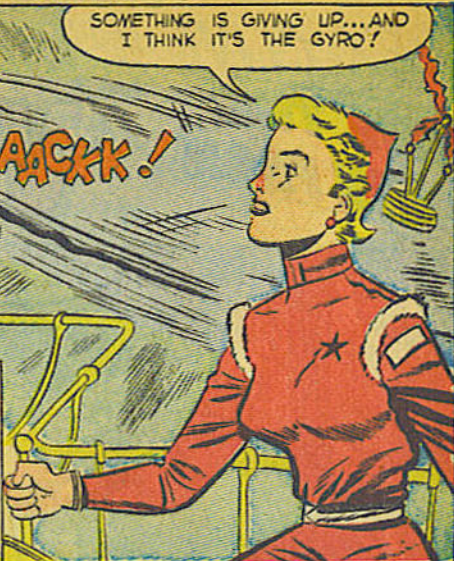
SO I SHALL BRING IN NEW PRIZES LIKE THE STARITANIA AND THOSE OTHER SPACELINERS WHOSE CREWS WILL BECOME MY SLAVES!



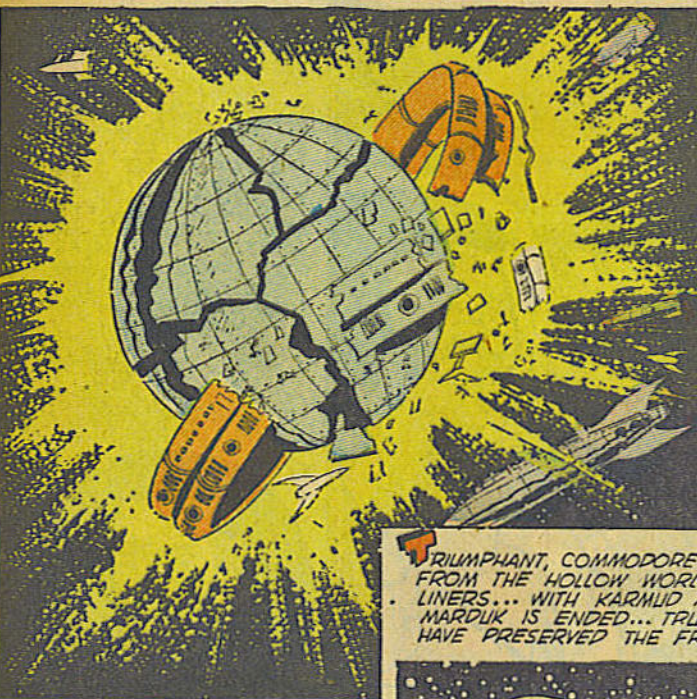
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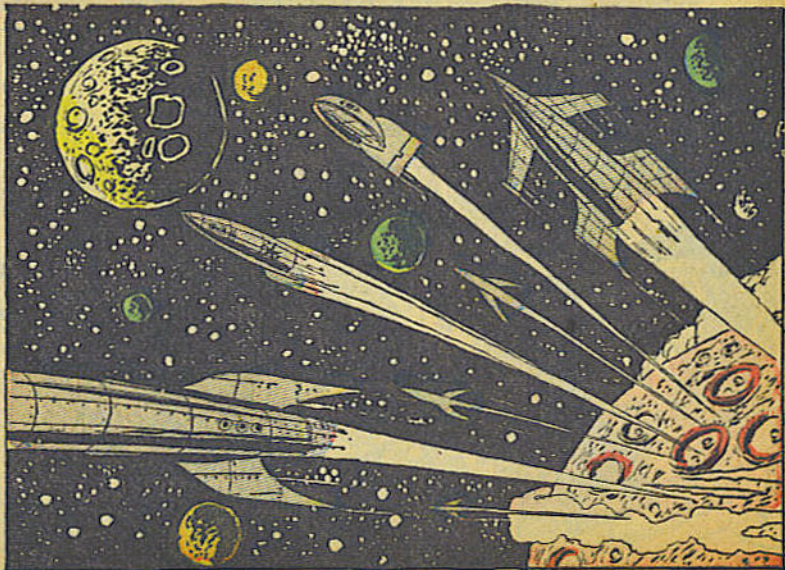
SPACE ADVENTURES



AS THE HUGE WHEEL WOBBLIES IN ITS WEAKENING FRAME, THE WHOLE GLOBE WHIRLS WITH IT AND BEGINS TO BREAK APART, FLINGING THE SPACECRAFT FREE IN ALL DIRECTIONS!



TRIUMPHANT, COMMODORE CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS EMERGE FROM THE HOLLOW WORLD FOLLOWED BY THE RESCUED SPACE-LINERS... WITH KARLUD A PRISONER, THE MENACE OF THE PLANET MARDUK IS ENDED... TRUE TO THEIR OATH, THE SPACE OFFICERS HAVE PRESERVED THE FREEDOM OF THE SPACEWAYS!



SPACE ADVENTURES #
REX CLIVE and **THE SPACE OFFICERS**
 SAVE THE EARTH FROM... **7½ VIXENS OF VENUS**



THE SPACE OFFICERS! THEIR PURPOSE: TO PATROL THE PLANETS IN THE YEAR 2552. IN THEIR UNIFORMS OF STRATOSPHERE BLUE, THEY STAND FOR LAW AND ORDER FROM MERCURY TO PLUTO AND EVEN BEYOND THE LIMITS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!

BUT OF ALL THEIR MISSIONS NONE HAS EVER YET DEMANDS SUCH DARING, SUCH TIMING, AS THEIR PRESENT EFFORT TO SAVE OUR OWN EARTH FROM DISASTER AND DESTRUCTION DEALT BY INSIDIOUS AND MYSTERIOUS ATTACKERS WHO STRIKE WITH THE SPEED AND POWER OF LIGHT ITSELF!



COMMODORE REX CLIVE

IN THE COMMAND SHIP, WHIZZING EARTHWARD.....

I'M HEADING STRAIGHT INTO THE ATTACK AREA, SPEED. TEST IT FOR RADIOACTIVITY!

RIGHT AWAY, COMMODORE!

TESTS NEGATIVE, COMMODORE. IT CAN'T BE AN ATOM BURST, EVEN THOUGH IT LOOKS IT!

IN THAT CASE WE'LL DROP DOWN IN AND SEE WHAT MAKES IT, TICK!



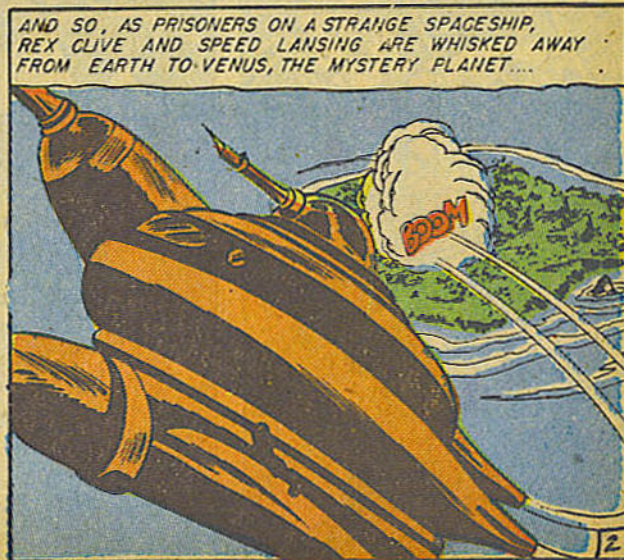
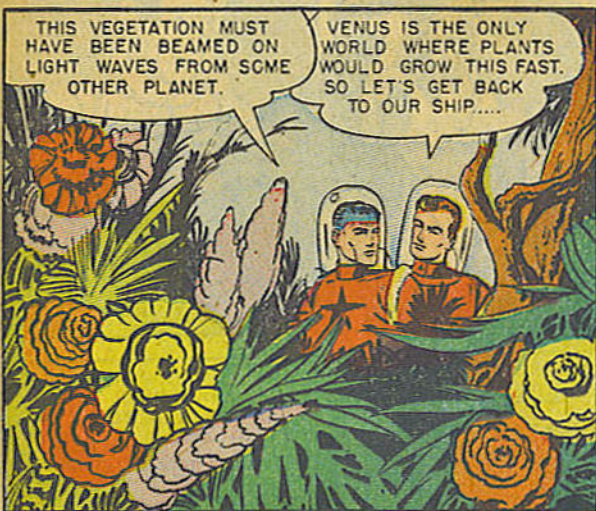
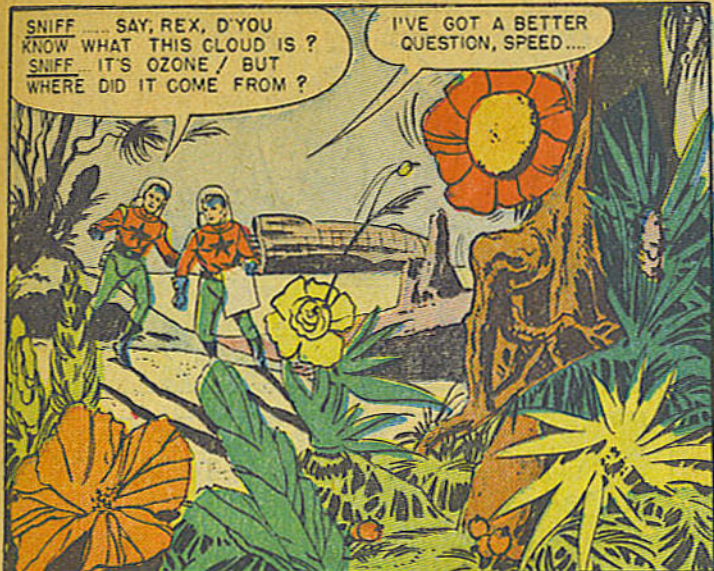
ADJUTANT SPEED LANSING



STELLA DAWN OF THE STARS

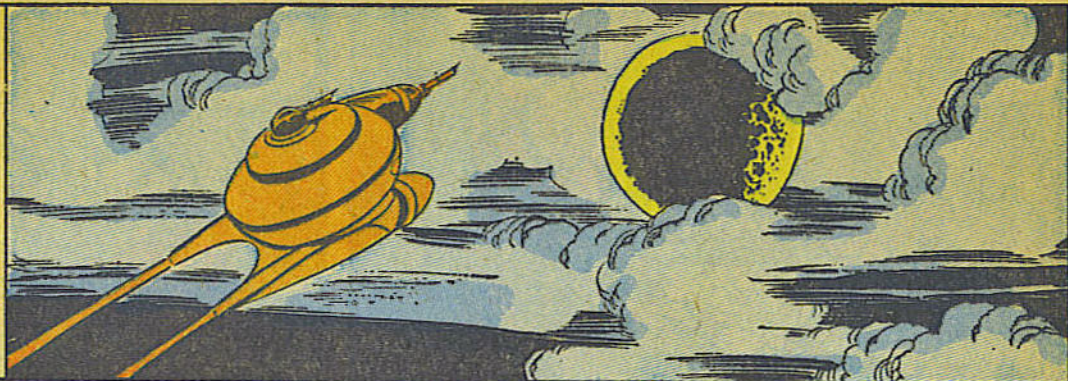


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ACTUALLY FLASHING THROUGH THE VOID, THE SHIP IS LIGHT-BEAMED TO VENUS IN A MATTER OF A FEW MINUTES...

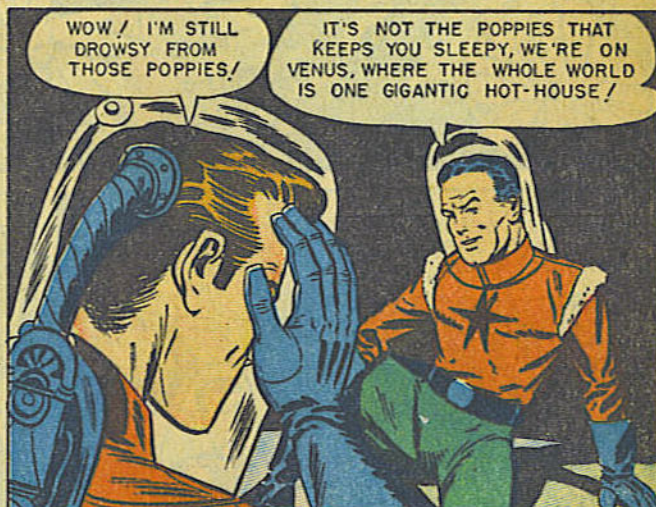


ONE PAIR OF EARTHIAN APES FOR THE ROYAL INSECTARIUM!



WOW! I'M STILL DROWSY FROM THOSE POPPIES!

IT'S NOT THE POPPIES THAT KEEPS YOU SLEEPY, WE'RE ON VENUS, WHERE THE WHOLE WORLD IS ONE GIGANTIC HOT-HOUSE!



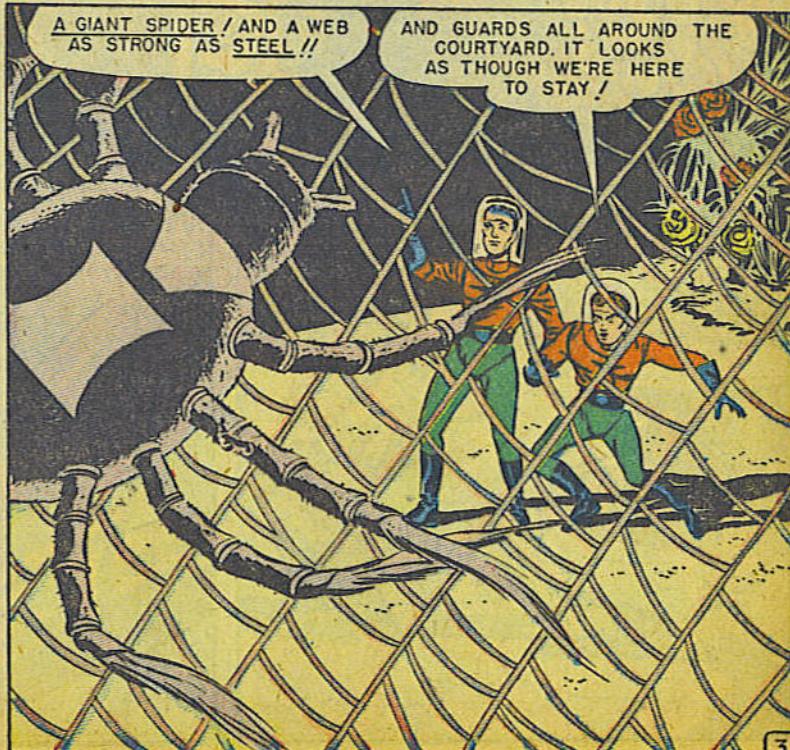
YEAH? WELL, I'D SWAP FOR A COUPLE OF HOT DOGS/BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET PAST THESE BARS.

THEY AREN'T BARS, SPEED, LOOK UP THERE!

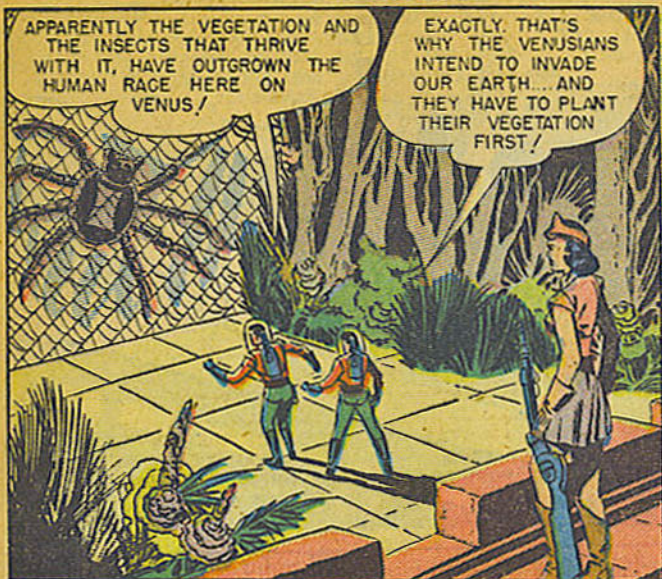


A GIANT SPIDER! AND A WEB AS STRONG AS STEEL!!

AND GUARDS ALL AROUND THE COURTYARD. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE HERE TO STAY!



SPACE ADVENTURES



APPARENTLY THE VEGETATION AND THE INSECTS THAT THRIVE WITH IT, HAVE OUTGROWN THE HUMAN RACE HERE ON VENUS!

EXACTLY. THAT'S WHY THE VENUSIANS INTEND TO INVAD OUR EARTH... AND THEY HAVE TO PLANT THEIR VEGETATION FIRST!



DON'T TRY TO CLIMB THAT STAULKUS FLOWER!

GET BACK IN THE TAWN GRASS, YOU SNAKES!

NO USE, SPEED!



LOOK...THEY'VE GOT THEIR BACKS TURNED...LET'S GO!

RIGHT! MAYBE NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED WHAT TAWN GRASS IS, LET'S CRAWL IN IT LIKE THE EARTHWORMS WE ARE...!

HOURS PASSED... AND THE GUARDS THINKING THEY WOULD NOT TRY TO ESCAPE AGAIN HAVE RELAXED THEIR POSTS, AND...



THESE GRASS BLADES ARE LIKE SWORDS, SPEED! IF WE HACK A HOLE IN THE HOLLOW STAULKUS STEM, WE CAN CLIMB UP INSIDE IT!

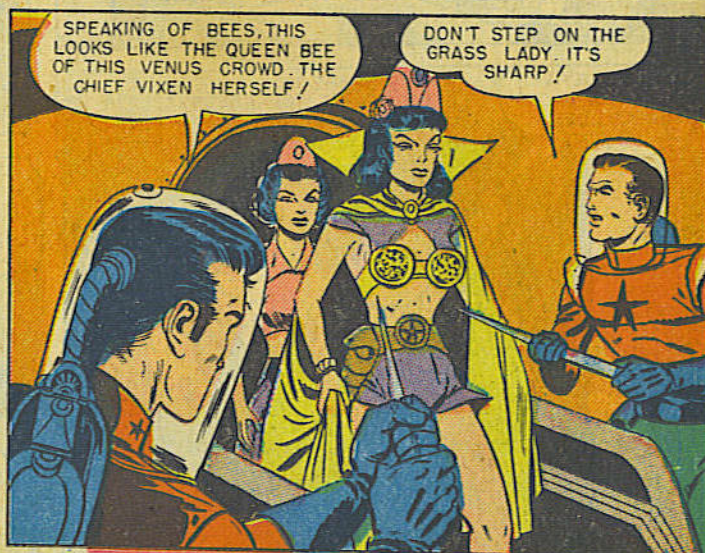
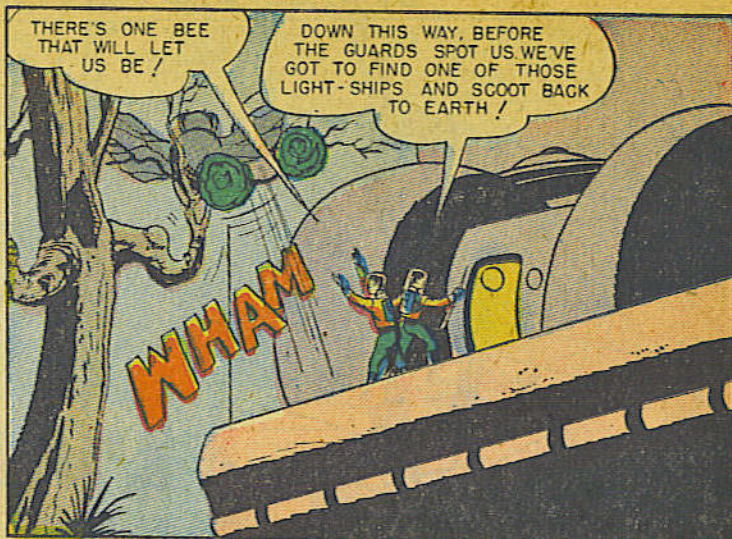
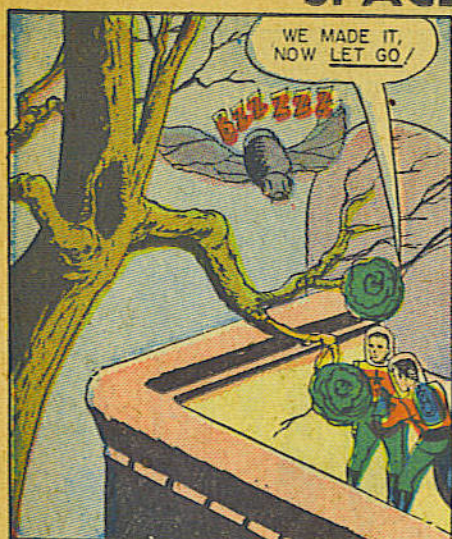
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!



THROW YOUR WEIGHT THIS WAY, SPEED AND WE'LL BEND THE FLOWER OVER TO THE ROOF!

AND WE'D BETTER HURRY! HERE COMES TROUBLE WITH AN EIGHTY- EIGHT STINGER!

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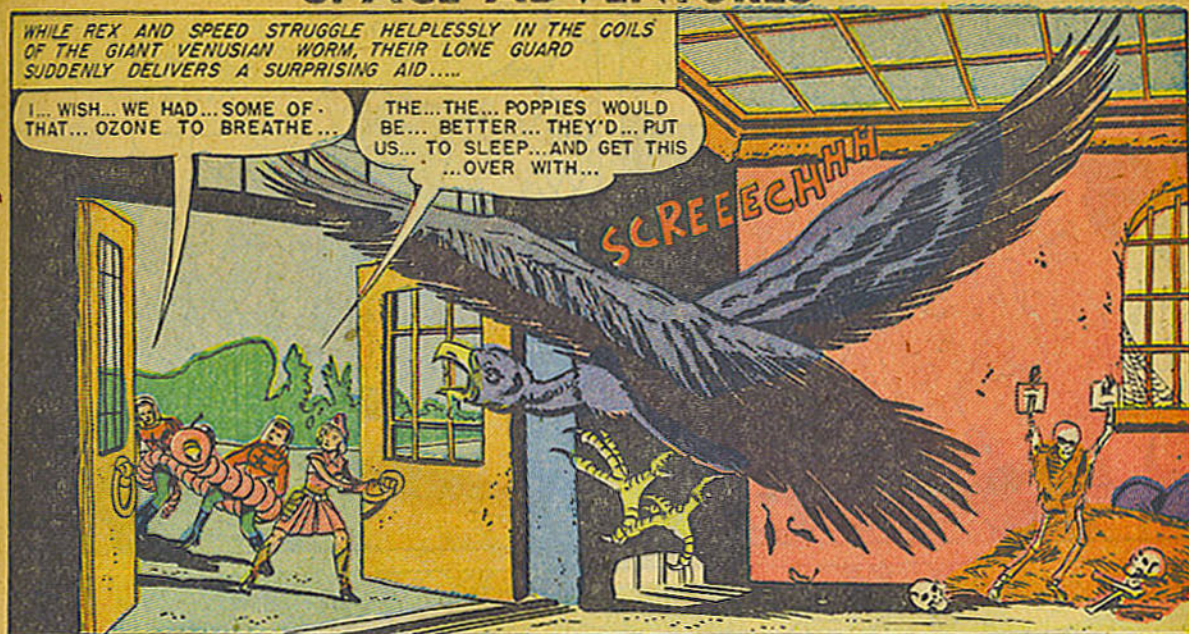
SPACE ADVENTURES

WHILE REX AND SPEED STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY IN THE COILS OF THE GIANT VENUSIAN WORM, THEIR LONE GUARD SUDDENLY DELIVERS A SURPRISING AID....

I... WISH... WE HAD... SOME OF THAT... OZONE TO BREATHE...

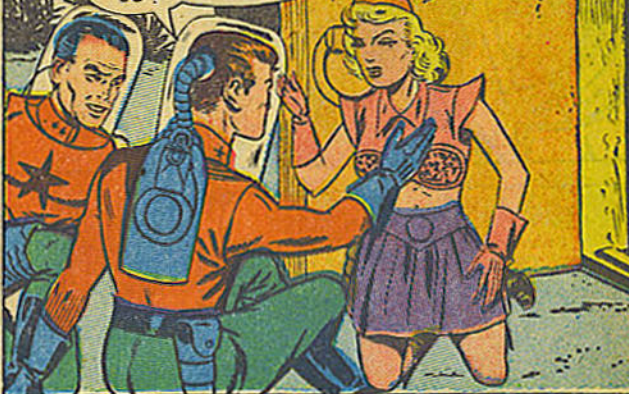
THE... THE... POPPIES WOULD BE... BETTER... THEY'D... PUT US... TO SLEEP... AND GET THIS ... OVER WITH...

SCREEECH!!!



WH... WHY IT'S STELLA DAWN OF THE TRANSPORT AUXILIARY RESERVE / YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES... HOW DID YOU FIND US?

WE STARS DO GET AROUND, DON'T WE / WE FOUND YOUR SCOUTCRAFT ON THE PACIFIC ISLE....



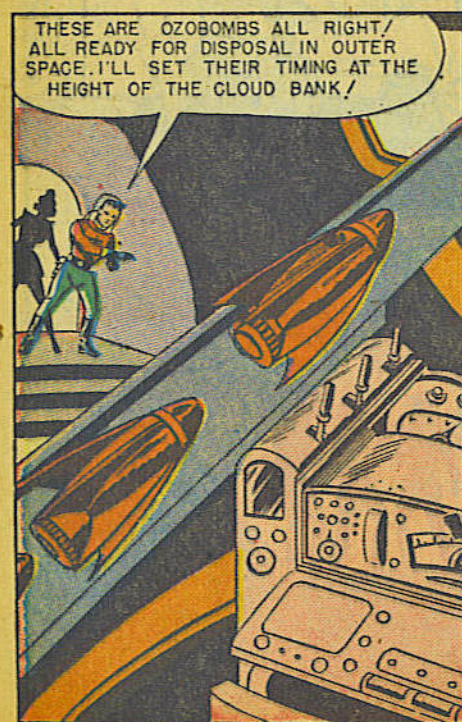
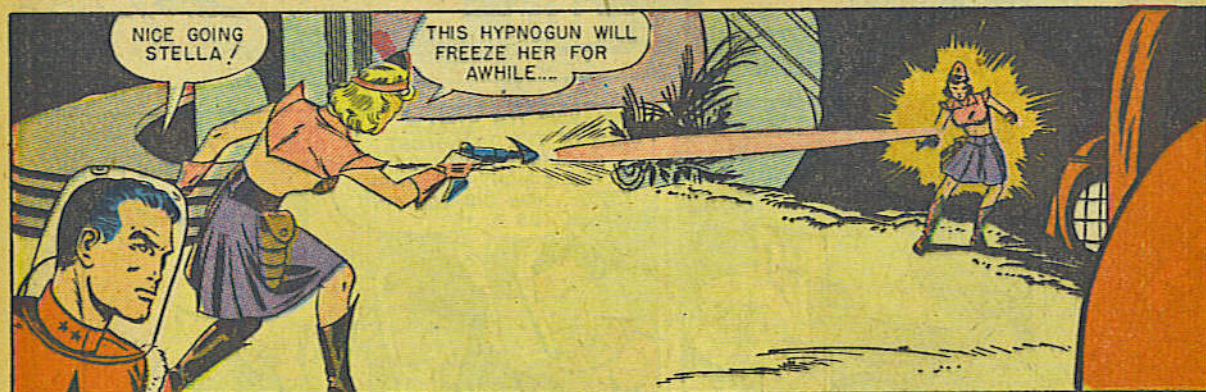
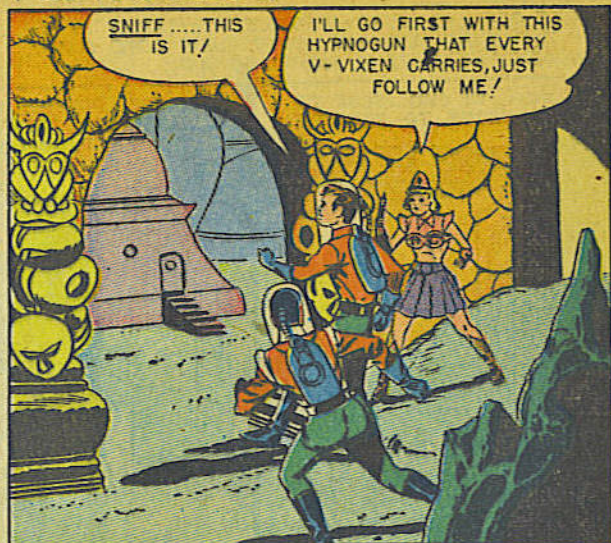
... AND WE SPOTTED DELVA AND HER V-GIRLS. WE GRABBED ONE AND I TOOK HER PLACE ON THE RETURN TRIP. BY NOW, THE SPACE OFFICERS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE!

BUT HOW ARE THEY GOING TO GET THROUGH THE PERPETUAL CLOUD BANK THAT LIES ABOVE VENUS?

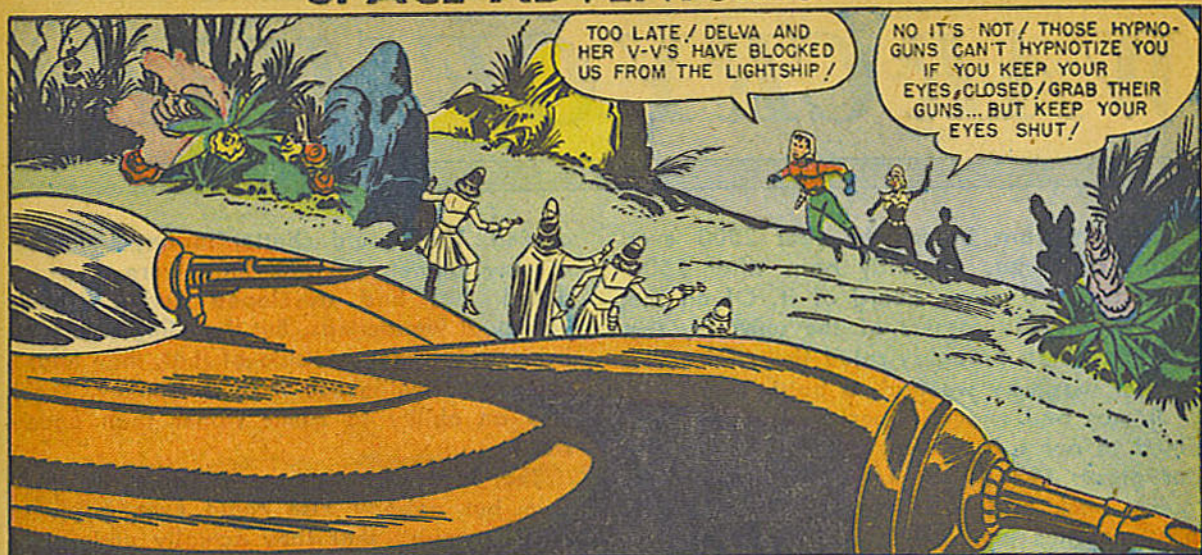
I'LL TELL YOU HOW / FIRST, WE MUST SCOUT AROUND UNTIL WE DETECT THE SMELL OF OZONE!



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



BEFORE DELVA AND HER VIXENS CAN STAGE A RALLY, THE SPACE OFFICERS ARRIVE THROUGH THE PARTED CLOUDS AND COMPLETE THE CONQUEST OF VENUS!



NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN JURISDICTION ON VENUS, WE'LL LET YOU PLANT SURPLUS CROPS WHERE THEY ARE NEEDED, BUT NOT ON OUR EARTH!

YOU WIN, OFFICER, BUT DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE STARS...AND I MEAN STARS!!



The CLOUDSHIPS OF MAGONIA

DICK
GIORDANO



WE THINK OF SPACE TRAVEL AND INVASIONS FROM OTHER WORLDS AS A MODERN IDEA OF SOMETHING THAT MAY HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE... ACTUALLY SUCH NOTIONS ARE CENTURIES OLD... A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, SO IT IS CLAIMED, NATIVES OF ENGLAND NOT ONLY FEARED, BUT ACTUALLY MET INVASIONS FROM... **THE CLOUD SHIPS OF MAGONIA.**

LEGEND HAD IT THAT HAIL STORMS WERE BROUGHT BY THE CLOUD SHIPS TO WRECK CROPS SO THAT THE MEN FROM MAGONIA COULD LAND ON EARTH AND REAP QUICK HARVESTS...

AFTER SUCH A STORM, A CLUSTER OF ODD LOOKING STRANGERS WERE SPIED IN AN ENGLISH FIELD...



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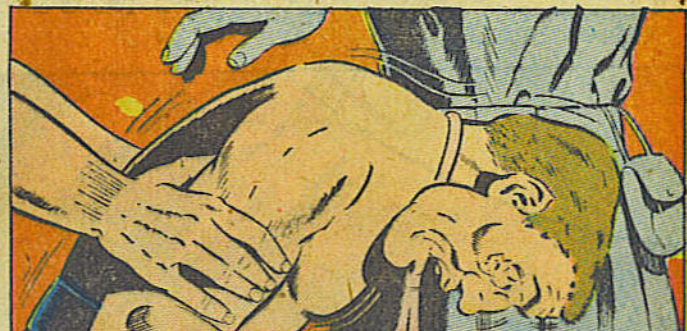
THE ALARMED MAGONIANS SCRAMBLED UP A ROPE THAT DANGLED FROM THE LOW-LYING FOG...



BUT ONE WAS OVERTAKEN AND CAPTURED. AS HE STRUGGLED HE GASPED, BECAUSE OF TOO MUCH AIR PRESSURE...



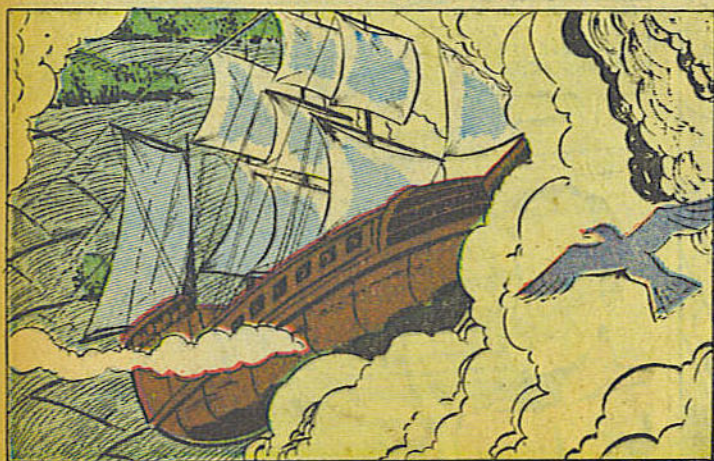
AND FINALLY EXPIRED IN THE HANDS OF HIS CAPTORS!



THROUGH A RIFT IN THE FOG, THE MAGONIANS SAW THAT THEIR COMRADE WAS DEAD AND HAULED UP THEIR ROPE...



AND THE LAST SEEN OF THE STRANGE SPACE SHIP, IT WAS HEADING FOR THE LEGENDARY LAND OF MAGONIA!



THE STRANGE CREATURE WAS BURIED IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH YARD, PERHAPS THE FIRST VICTIM EVER TO DIE IN THE CAUSE OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL!

REX CLIVE... SPACE KING

SPACE ADVENTURES

IN

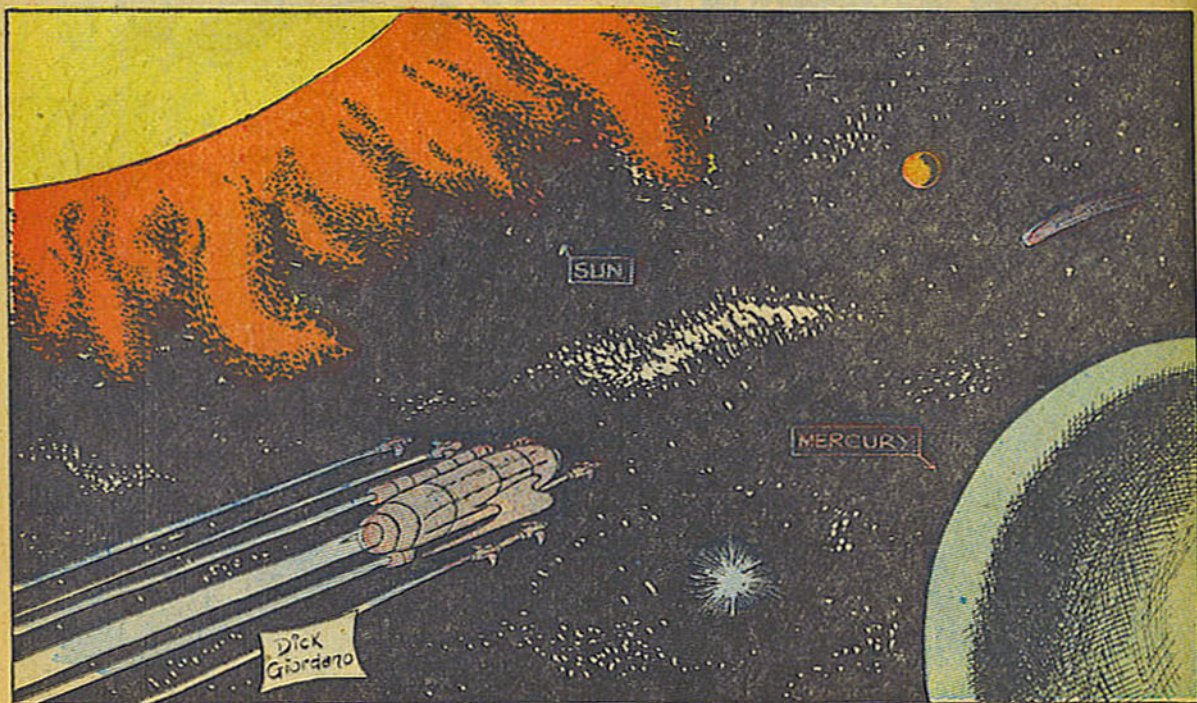
CONVOY

TO

MARS

MARS

IT'S A LONG HAUL FROM EARTH TO MARS. WHEN MARS HAPPENS TO BE BEYOND THE SUN... AT THE FARTHEST POINT OF HIS ORBIT. AWAY FROM OUR EARTH... THAT'S WHEN IT'S MOST IMPORTANT TO KEEP UP COMMUNICATION AND SUPPLIES... TO DO SO, SPACE LINERS MUST PASS CLOSE BY THE SUN AND ITS NEAREST PLANET, MERCURY... NOW IN THE YEAR 2552, SPACELINERS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING ALONG THIS RUN AND COMMODORE REX CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS ARE ON CONVOY DUTY TO LEARN THE REASON WHY!!!



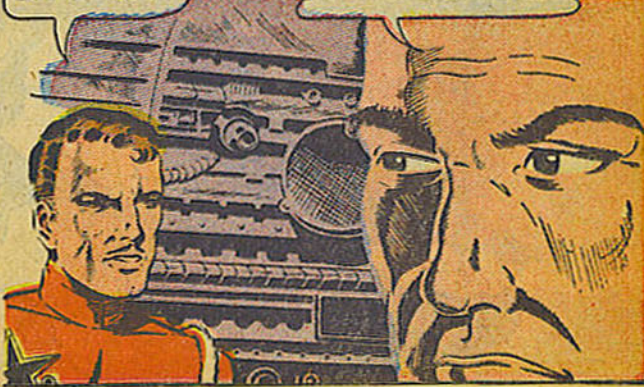
IN THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SPACE SQUADRON!

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE TROUBLE SKIPPER? SUN SPOTS?

NOT A CHANCE. THESE LINERS ARE BEING HIJACKED FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF MERCURY.

BUT THAT SIDE OF MERCURY IS TOWARD THE SUN! IT'S BOILING HOT!

ALL THE MORE REASON THAT HI-JACKERS WOULD USE IT AS A BASE... IF THEY COULD FIND A WAY TO LIVE THERE.

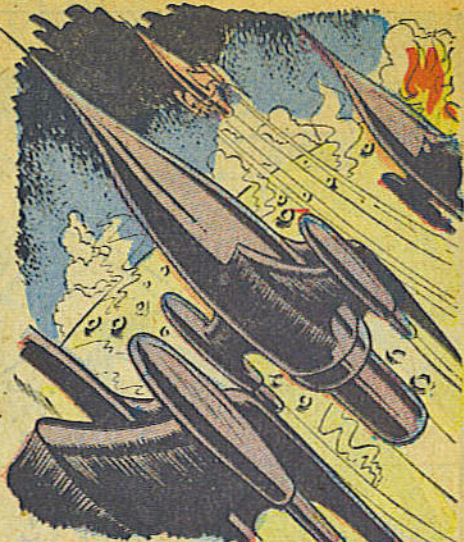


SPACE ADVENTURES.

WE'RE PASSING THE HOT SIDE OF MERCURY NOW. WE'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT AND COAX THOSE HIJACKERS INTO TROUBLE.



REX'S TRICK WORKS! THINKING THAT THE OLD SPACE-PLODDER HAS NO ESCORT, STRANGE CRAFT EMERGE FROM THE MOLTEN SURFACE OF MERCURY.

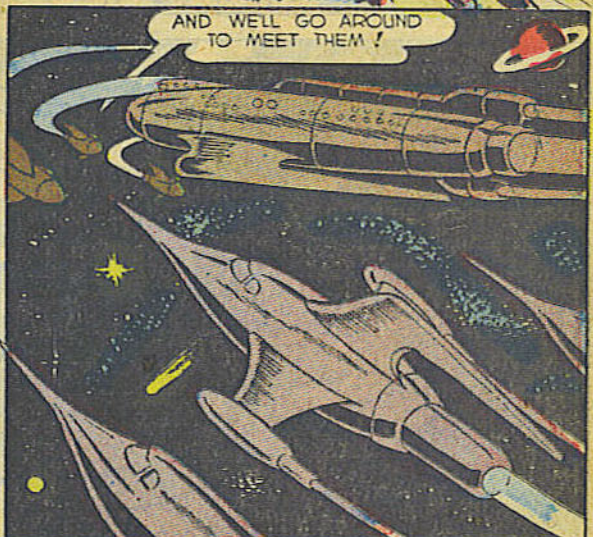


SPACELINER REPORTS UN-IDENTIFIED CRAFT APPROACHING FROM MERCURY, SIR!

GOOD. FLASH THE WORD TO FOLLOW ME...

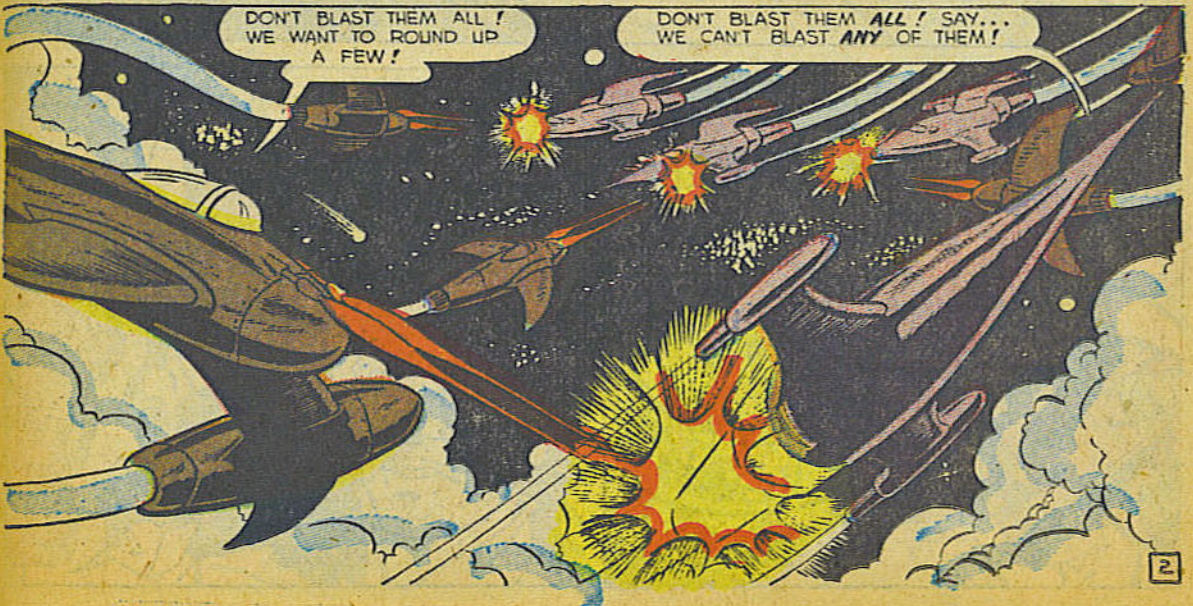


AND WE'LL GO AROUND TO MEET THEM!



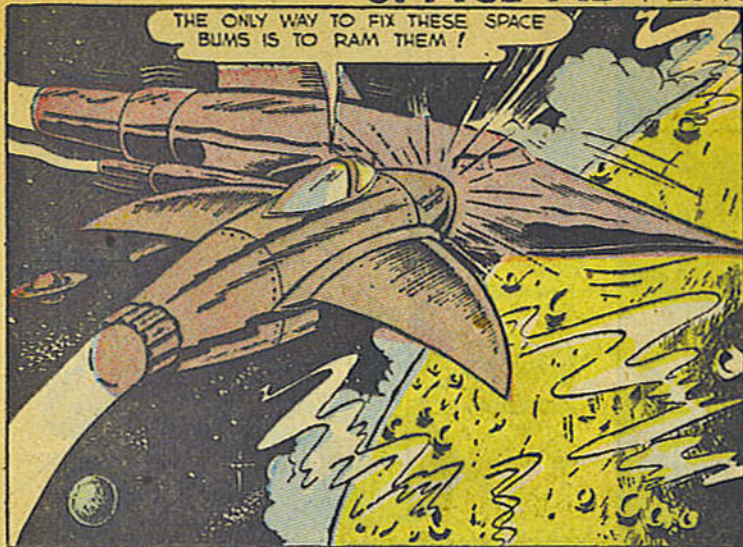
DON'T BLAST THEM ALL! WE WANT TO ROUND UP A FEW!

DON'T BLAST THEM ALL! SAY... WE CAN'T BLAST ANY OF THEM!



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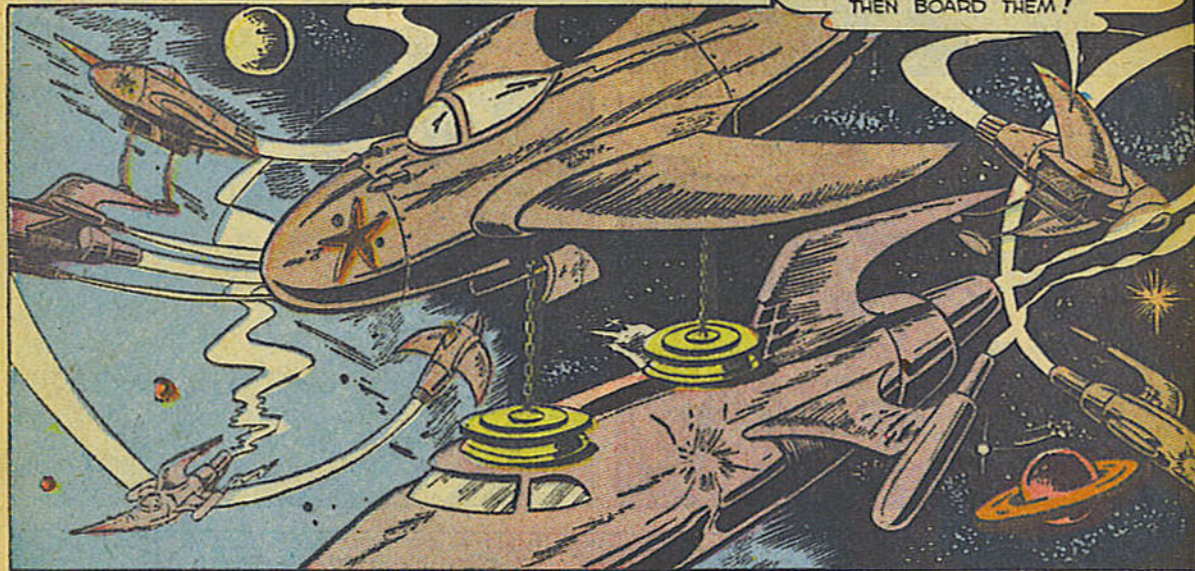
THE ONLY WAY TO FIX THESE SPACE BUMS IS TO RAM THEM!



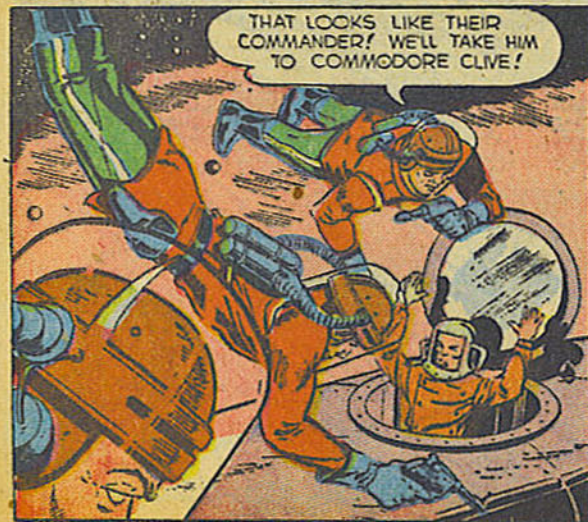
NICE GOING, BOYS! KEEP CRIPPLING THEM!



THESE WILL DO! CLAMP THEM WITH YOUR MAGNETIC SPACEDRAGS AND THEN BOARD THEM!



THAT LOOKS LIKE THEIR COMMANDER! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO COMMODORE CLIVE!



THIS LAVA-FACE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK, COMMODORE. BUT WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT HIS SHIP IS MADE OF... THERMALIUM!

THERMALIUM! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!



SPACE ADVENTURES

WE KNOW THERMALLIUM IS THE ONLY METAL THAT WON'T MELT ON MERCURY. APPARENTLY YOU'VE FOUND ENOUGH TO BUILD A BASE AND SPACESHIPS WITH THE STUFF.



NOW YOU'RE HIJACKING PASSING CARGOES AND WORKING AN INSURANCE RACKET, WITH SOMEBODY ON MARS, CLAIMING THE GOODS WERE LOST IN THE SUN!



DON'T BLAME ME, COMMODORE!

I HATE THIS RACKET! IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME, COMMODORE, I'LL LEAD YOUR SQUADRON RIGHT INTO THE HIDDEN BASE!

GOOD. TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS SHIP. I'LL JOIN HIM THERE.

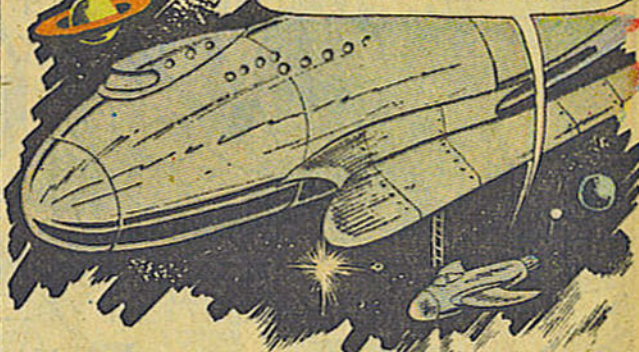


THAT CHAP IS AN OLD SPACE COMBER NAMED SHANGOR, REX, AND I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM HALF A JUPITER INCH!

NATURALLY NOT, SPEED.



BUT I INTEND TO **USE** HIM! COME ON UP TO THE CARGO SHIP. I WANT TO CHECK WITH THE SKIPPER AND FIND OUT HOW MUCH LIQUID AIR HE'S CARRYING.



LIQUID AIR? IT'S PRACTICALLY MY WHOLE CARGO. THEY NEED A LOT ON MARS!

WE'LL NEED IT ON MERCURY. I'M GOING WITH SHANGOR, SPEED... BUT FIRST I'LL GIVE YOU FULL INSTRUCTIONS.



SPACE ADVENTURES

WELCOME, COM-MODORE! YOU'VE ACCEPTED MY INVITATION!

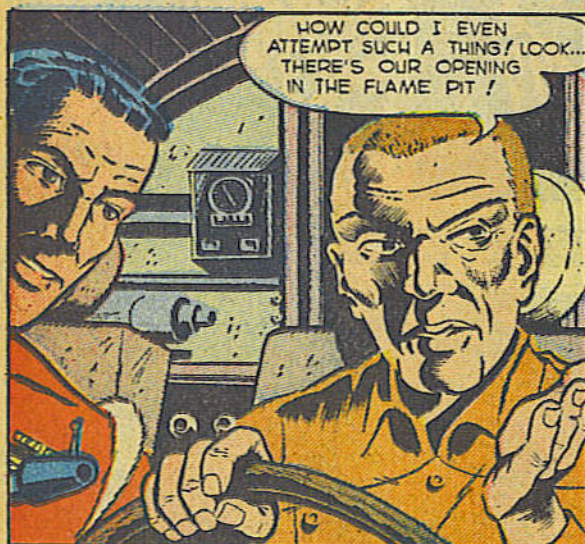
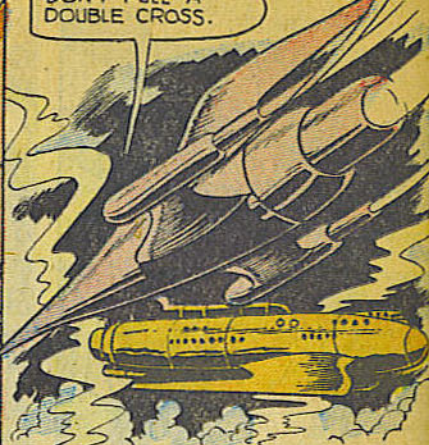
RIGHT. LET'S GET UNDER WAY. ADJUTANT LANSING WILL FOLLOW WITH THE SQUADRON.

REMEMBER, SHANGOR... YOU'RE AT THE CONTROLS BUT I'M IN COMMAND!

OF COURSE! BUT WHY IS THE CARGO SHIP GOING AHEAD?

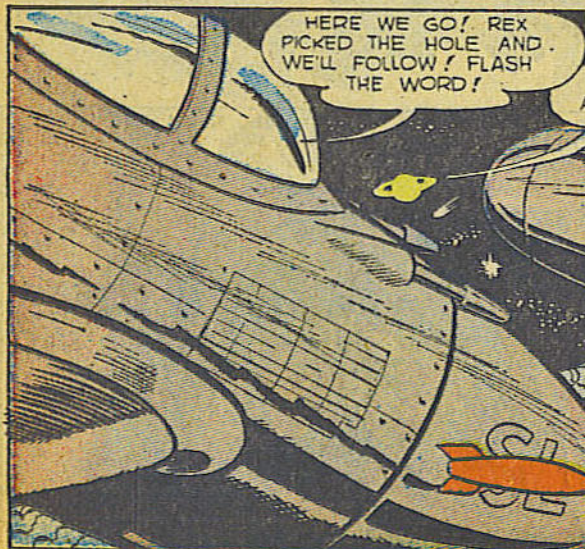
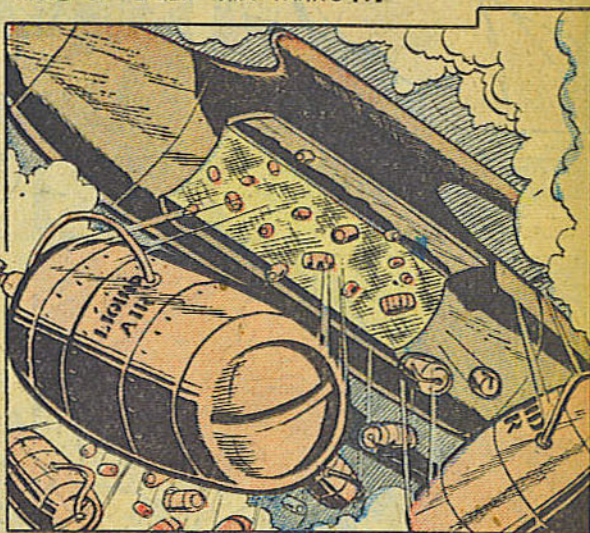
FOR OBSERVATION PURPOSES, SHANGOR... IN OTHER WORDS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T PULL A DOUBLE CROSS.

WHY COMMODEORE CLIVE...



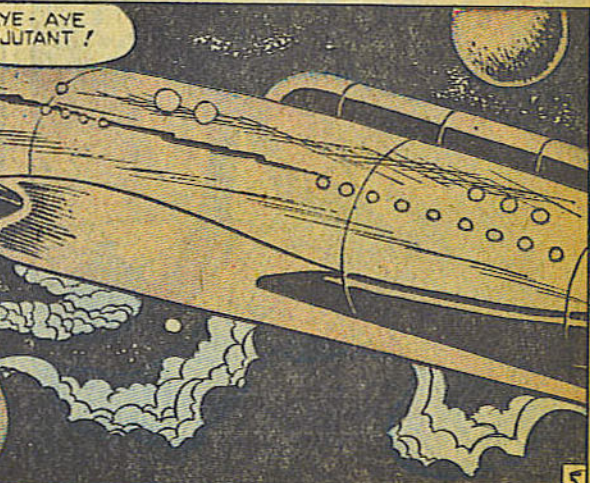
HOW COULD I EVEN ATTEMPT SUCH A THING! LOOK... THERE'S OUR OPENING IN THE FLAME PIT!

AS SHANGOR'S CRAFT WHIZZES PAST, THE HOVERING CARGO SHIP DROPS ITS FULL TONNAGE OF LIQUID AIR TANKS...



HERE WE GO! REX PICKED THE HOLE AND WE'LL FOLLOW! FLASH THE WORD!

AYE - AYE ADJUTANT!



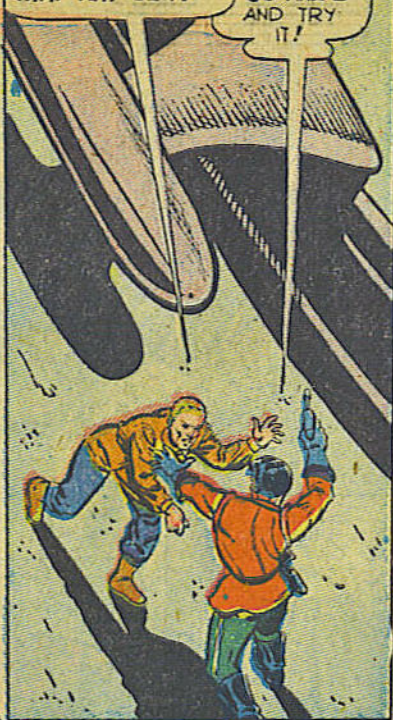
SPACE ADVENTURES

HERE WE ARE, COMMODORE,
UNDER THE THERMALLIUM DOME
THAT PROTECTS US FROM THE
SURFACE HEAT. I'M GLAD YOUR
SPACE SQUADRON FOLLOWED...



BECAUSE I NEGLECTED TO TELL
YOU THAT THE HEAT
WILL MELT ANY METAL
EXCEPT THERMALLIUM!
**NOW I'LL TAKE
THAT RAY GUN!**

GO AHEAD
AND TRY
IT!



**YOU FOOL! YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE! YOU CAN HEAR YOUR
SQUADRON EXPLODING NOW!**

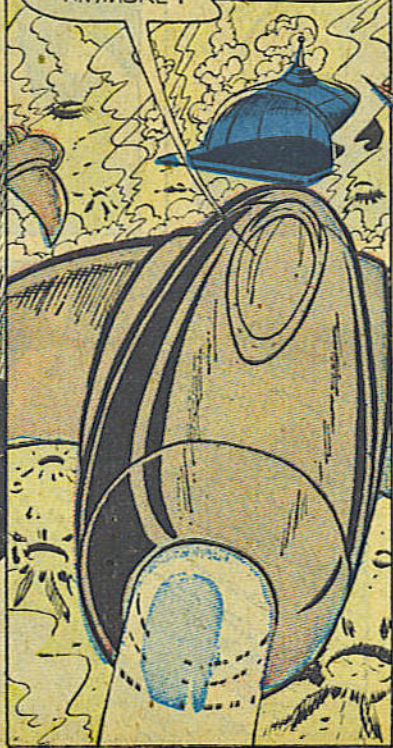
GUESS AGAIN
SHANGOR! THOSE
ARE LIQUID AIR-
TANKS!



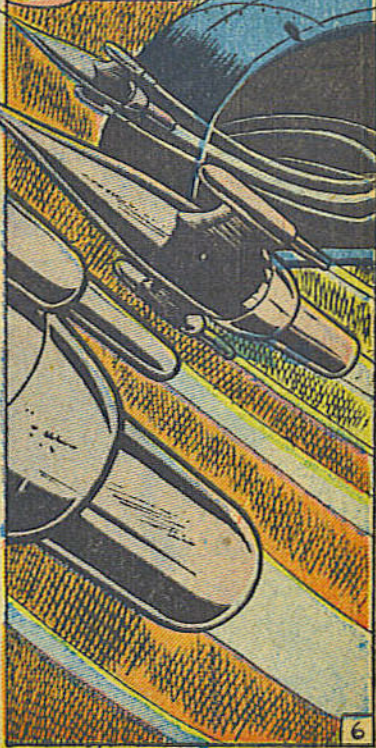
DEX'S SYSTEM HAS OFFSET
SHANGOR'S TREACHERY. THE
SURFACE HEAT OF THE PLANET
MERCURY IS 600 DEGREES ON
THE SUNWARD SIDE... BUT THE
TEMPERATURE OF LIQUID AIR IS
MORE THAN 400 DEGREES BE-
LOW ZERO! ONE COUNTER-
ACTS THE OTHER, PRODUCING
A NORMAL HEAT!



THERE'S THE FIERY PIT,
EXCEPT THAT IT'S NOT FIERY
ANYMORE!

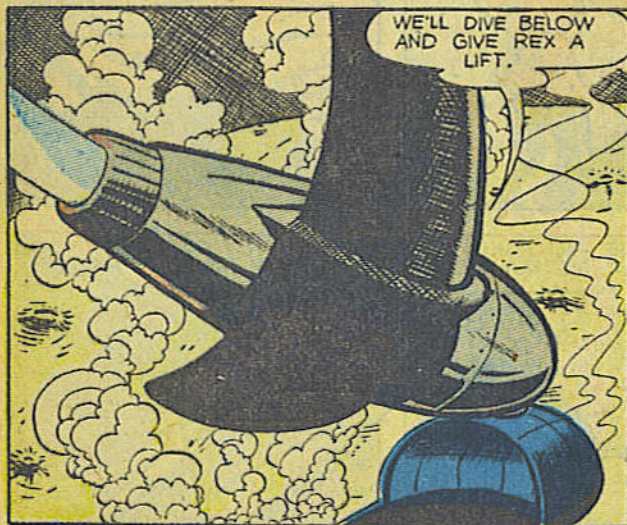
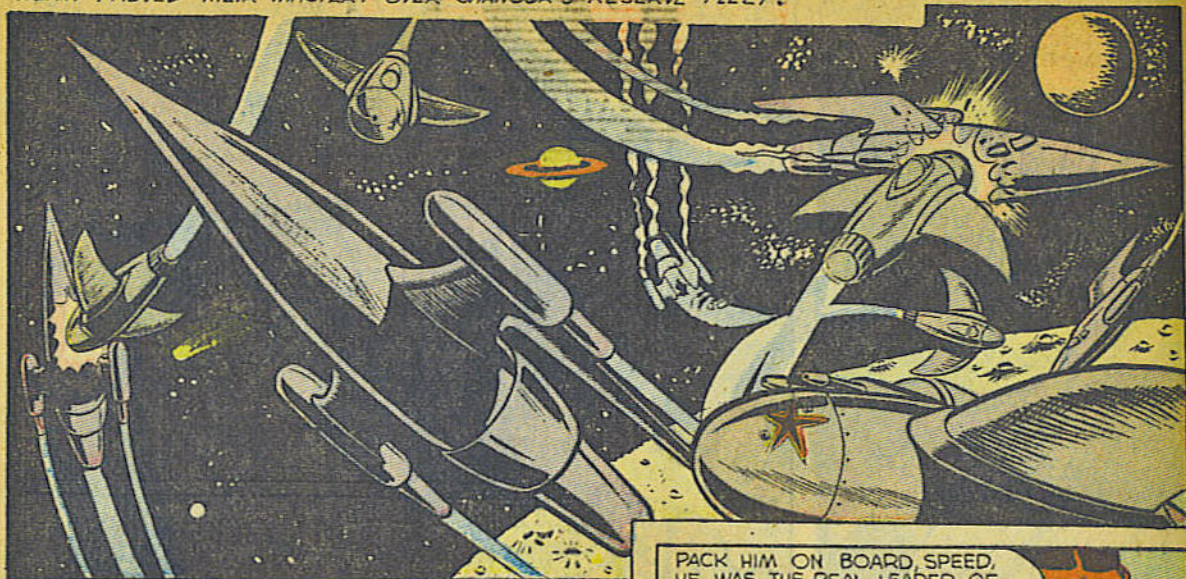


HERE THEY COME!
BLOCK THEM!



SPACE ADVENTURES

ABOVE THE COOLED PATCH IN THE MIDST OF MERCURY'S BLAZING LANDSCAPE, THE SPACE OFFICERS AGAIN PROVED THEIR MASTERY OVER SHANGOR'S RESERVE FLEET!



WE'LL DIVE BELOW
AND GIVE REX A
LIFT.

PACK HIM ON BOARD, SPEED,
HE WAS THE REAL LEADER OF
THE HIJACKERS. WE'LL NEED
HIM FOR EVIDENCE.



THAT'S THE END OF
A RED-HOT WASP'S
NEST... EVEN THOUGH
IT TOOK A WHOLE
CARGO OF
LIQUID-AIR.

IT WAS
WORTH IT,
REX!



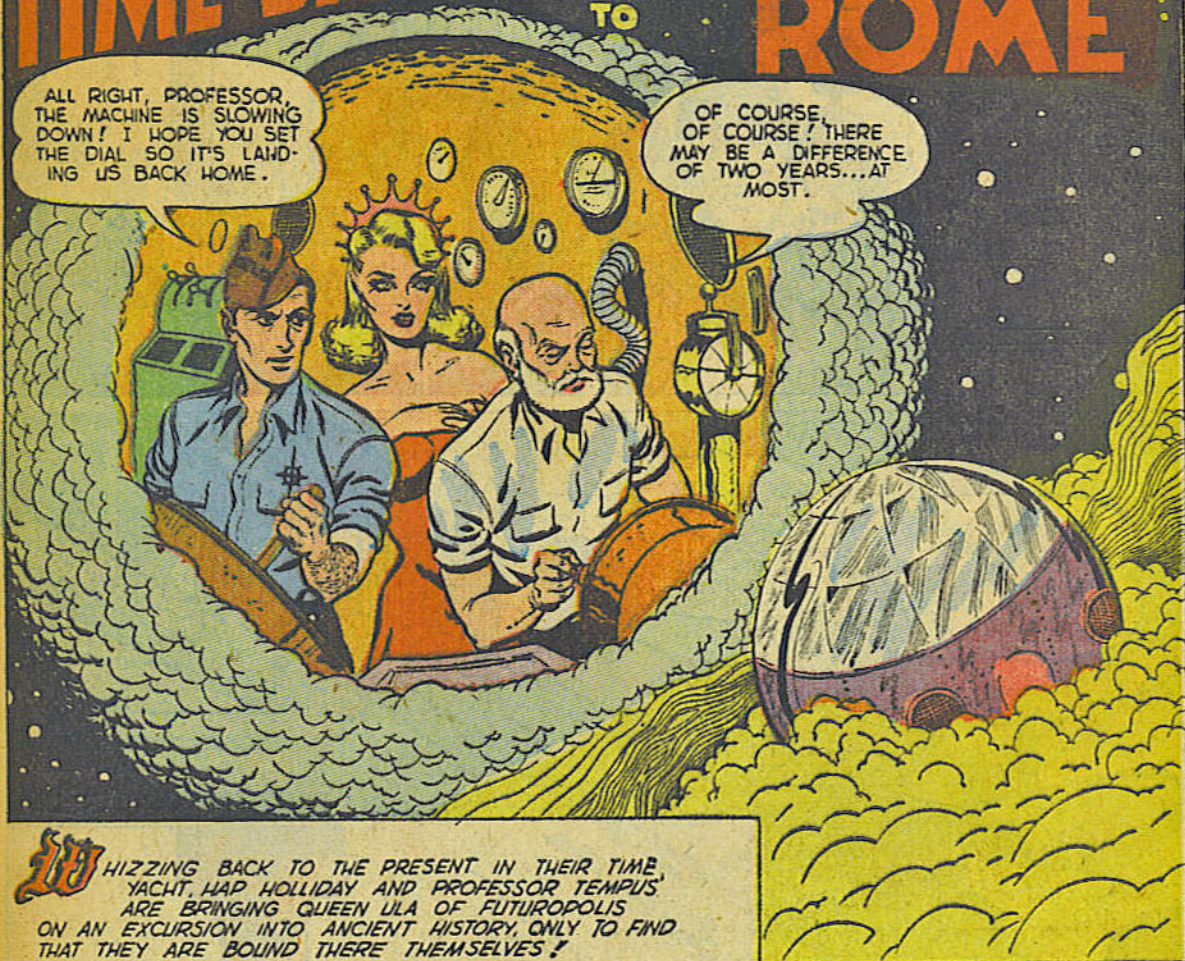
AND SO
THE
CONVOYS
TRAVELLED
ON TO MARS
SKIMMING
PAST THE
SUN, FREE
FROM THE
THREAT OF
SHANGOR.
NOW A
PRISONER
ON SOME
FORGOTTEN
ASTEROID,
THANKS TO
REX CLIVE
AND HIS
INVINCIBLE
SPACE
OFFICERS.

SPACE ADVENTURES

The TIME SKIPPER TRAVELS TO ANCIENT ROME

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR, THE MACHINE IS SLOWING DOWN! I HOPE YOU SET THE DIAL SO IT'S LAND-ING US BACK HOME.

OF COURSE, OF COURSE! THERE MAY BE A DIFFERENCE OF TWO YEARS...AT MOST.



HIZZING BACK TO THE PRESENT IN THEIR TIME YACHT, HAP HOLLIDAY AND PROFESSOR TEMPUS ARE BRINGING QUEEN ULA OF FUTUROPOLIS ON AN EXCURSION INTO ANCIENT HISTORY, ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY ARE BOUND THERE THEMSELVES!

IS THIS THE NEW YORK THAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? HOW LOVELY!

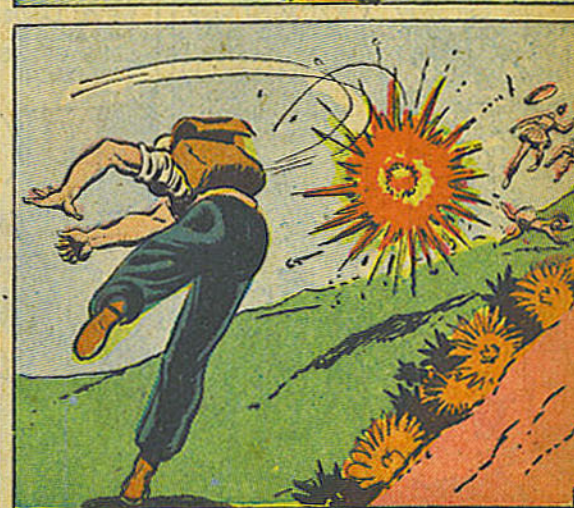
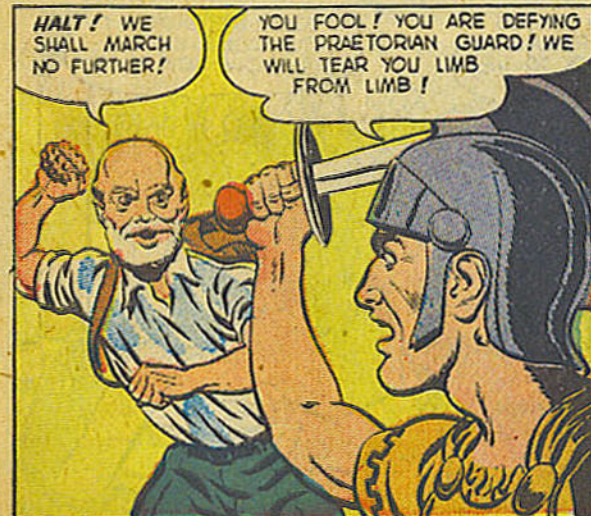
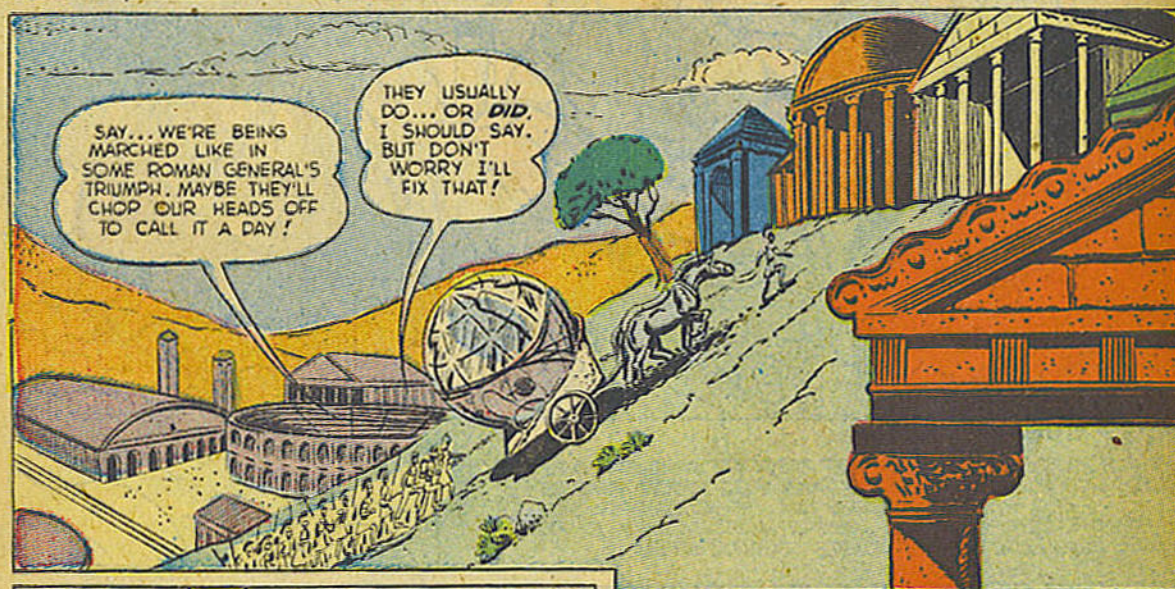
YOU MUST HAVE PRESSED THE WRONG SWITCH, PROFESSOR! YOU MEANT TWO THOUSAND YEARS!

WE'VE LANDED AMONG THE ANCIENT ROMANS! LET'S GET BACK TO THE TIME YACHT, FAST!

TOO LATE, SKIPPER! BUT DON'T WORRY, I KNOW LATIN!



SPACE ADVENTURES



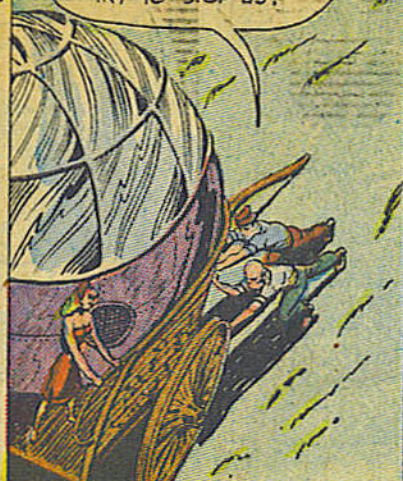
SPACE ADVENTURES

LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT GRENADE! HEH! I TOOK THEM APART!

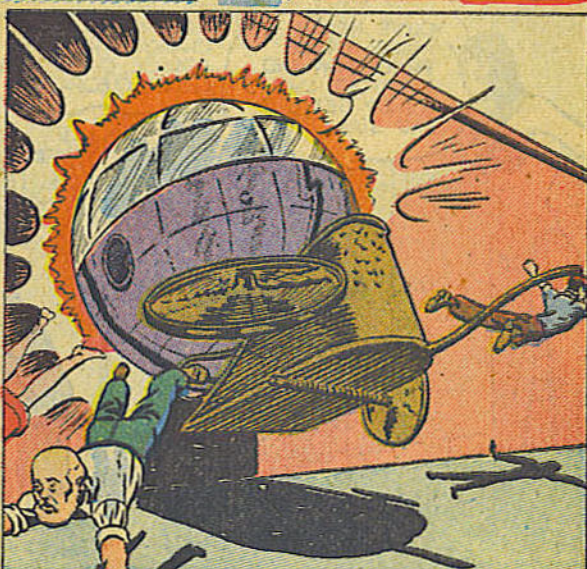
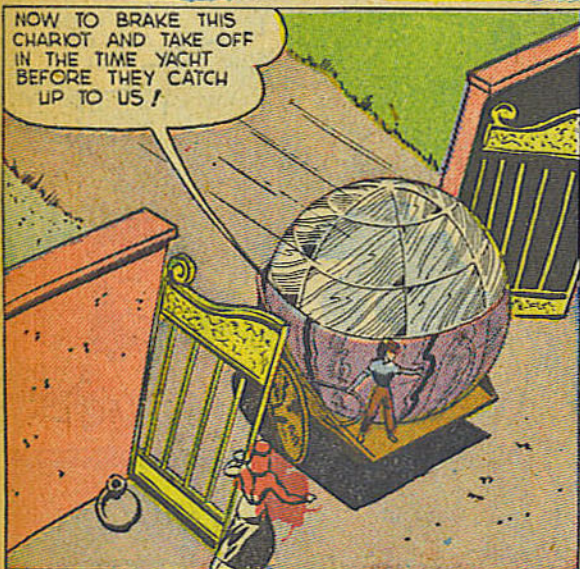
QUICK, PROFESSOR. I'VE GOT THE CHARIOT UNHITCHED.

WE'VE GOT TO GET ROLLING DOWN HILL BEFORE MORE GUARDS TRY TO STOP US!

WHEE! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN FLYING THROUGH TIME!

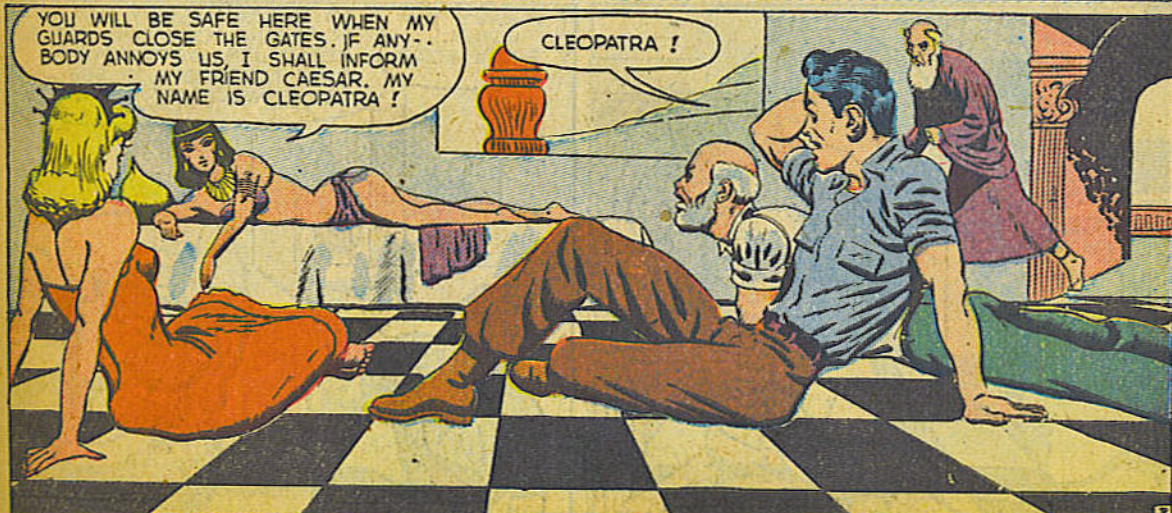


NOW TO BRAKE THIS CHARIOT AND TAKE OFF IN THE TIME YACHT BEFORE THEY CATCH UP TO US!

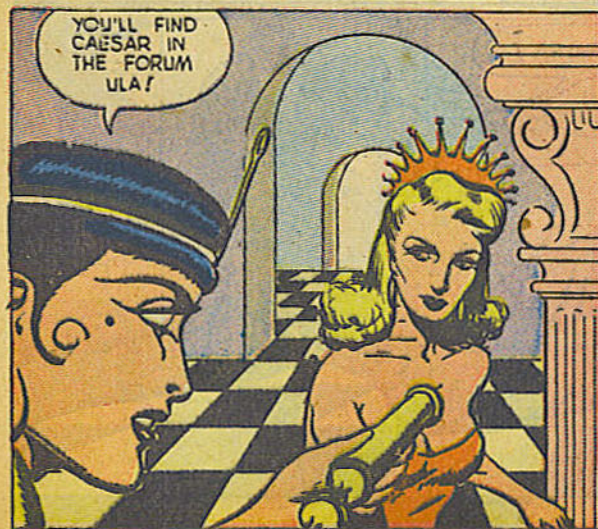
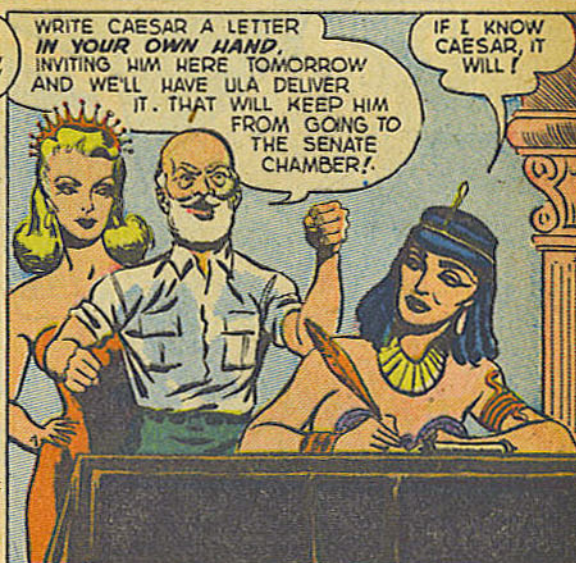
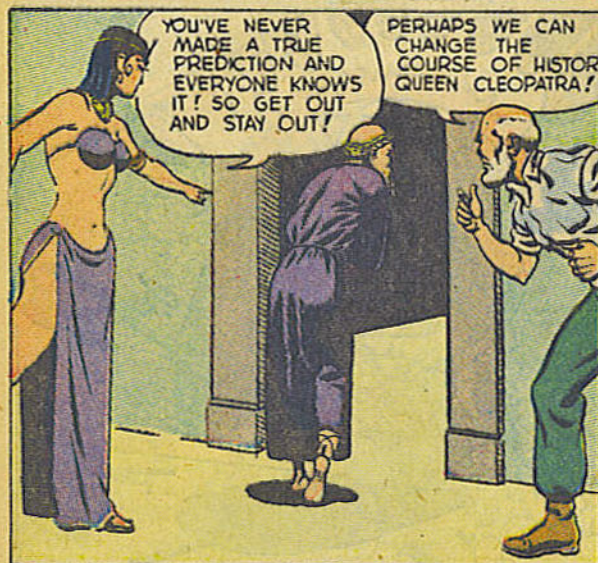
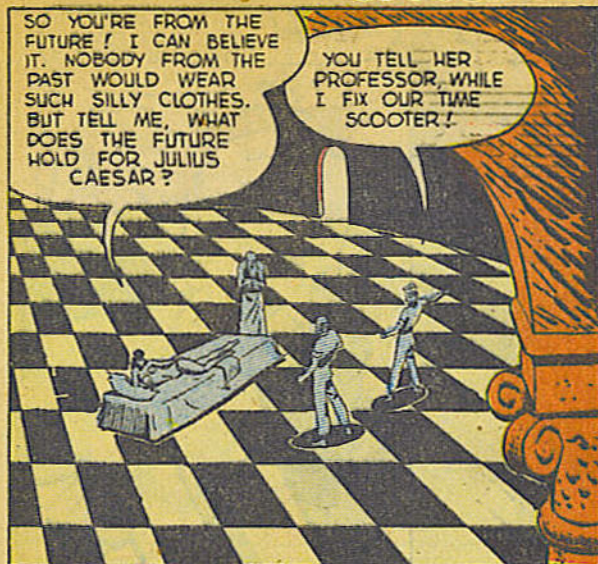


YOU WILL BE SAFE HERE WHEN MY GUARDS CLOSE THE GATES. IF ANYBODY ANNOYS US, I SHALL INFORM MY FRIEND CAESAR. MY NAME IS CLEOPATRA!

CLEOPATRA!

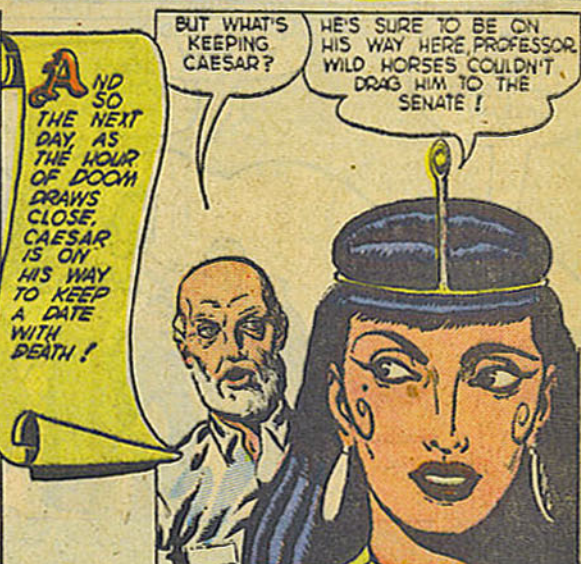
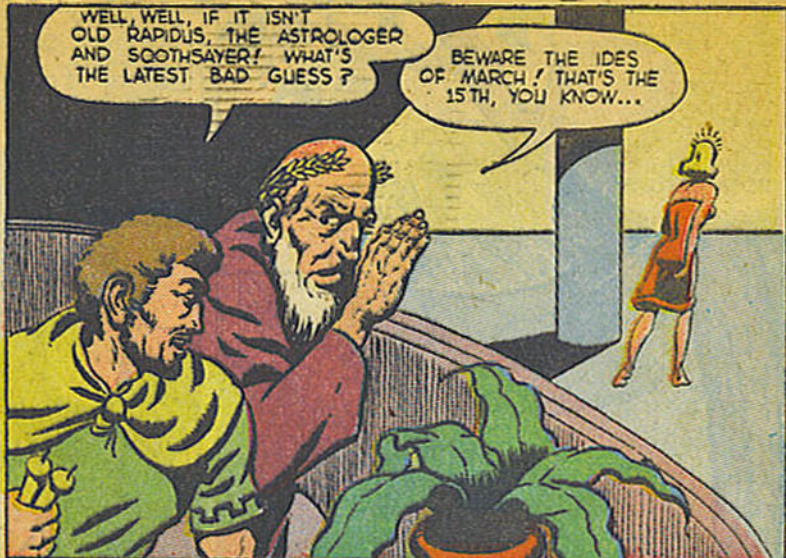
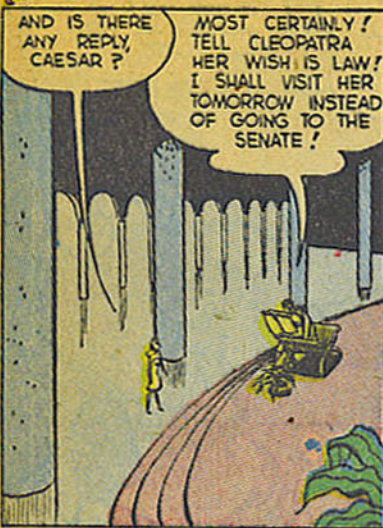


SPACE ADVENTURES

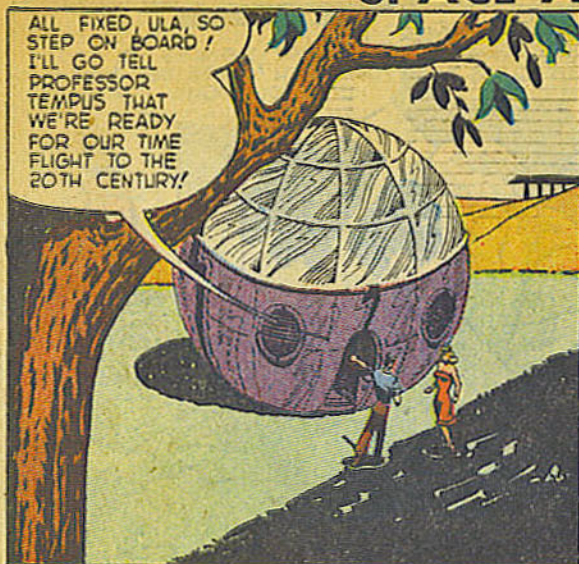


SPACE ADVENTURES

IN THE FORUM ROMANORUM...



SPACE ADVENTURES



ALL FIXED, ULA, SO STEP ON BOARD! I'LL GO TELL PROFESSOR TEMPUS THAT WE'RE READY FOR OUR TIME FLIGHT TO THE 20TH CENTURY!



A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED QUEEN CLEOPATRA! I TOLD CAESAR HE'D BE SLAIN IN THE SENATE AND HE WAS!

SO YOU PREDICTED IT FOR HIM! NO WONDER HE WENT THERE!



DEATH TO CLEOPATRA, FRIEND OF THE TYRANT CAESAR!

BRUTUS AND HIS MOB!

THIS WAY, BOTH OF YOU... AND QUICK!



ON BOARD WITH THE REST OF US, CLEO... AND DON'T ARGUE!



BUT I SAW CLEOPATRA COME THIS WAY...

ANY FOOL CAN SEE SHE'S GONE, BUT WHERE?

COME, BRUTUS, LET'S GO OUR OWN WAY... AND HURRY!

AND SO HAD HOLLIDAY, THE TIME SKIPPER, IS OFF AGAIN INTO THE SWIRLING CENTURIES, CARRYING THE FAMOUS CLEOPATRA... OF ALL PEOPLE! INTO OUR MODERN AGE! WE CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL THE TIME YACHT SHOWS UP AMONG US! SO WATCH FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE!